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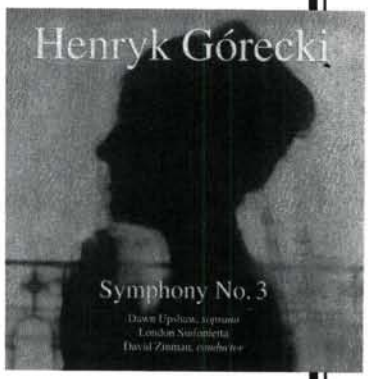

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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MAY 17, 1993

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CORRESPONDENCE

Up to a point

To the editors:

Because we assume that your readers are more interested in accuracy than your writer seems to be, I wish to respond to Michael Lewis's article on the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism ("J-School Confidential," April 19, 1993). There are a half dozen errors of fact and spelling in the article. I am restricting my response to the more stunning and apparently deliberate errors.

The article refers to Columbia as the first journalism school in the country. It was not. Missouri was. "A masters of science in journalism requires about seven months." It requires a school year, or nine months. Concerning Associate Dean Isaacs's class (that's Stephen, not "Steven," as Lewis reported it), the writer described disparagingly the attention given to language and accuracy. Is Lewis saying that there is something wrong with trying to teach journalists to "get the details right?" "Though journalism schools promise that they will find jobs for their graduates ..." your reporter writes. We do not. The reporter asked me about this, and I responded directly that we never do that. We say that the reason to attend journalism school is to work to become a better journalist.

It is known, not only by this school but by other schools of journalism as well, that it takes every graduating class about six to eight months to find jobs after graduation. Our statistics show that within eight months 80 percent of every class find a job with which the graduate is satisfied. When the placement director spoke to incoming students the first week of school in September, she said that after three months, 45 percent of the Class of 1992 had already found jobs, despite the fact that the news media had reported that employment for university graduates as a whole was at an all-time low. In fact 1992 graduates said everyone in their class who wanted a job has found one.

Tuition is $15,946, not, as Lewis reported, $18,000. "The student newspaper was also sorely in need of material." We do not publish a student newspaper dealing with events in the school. The only newspaper published at the school is *The Bronx Beat*; it is a product of one of our print workshop classes and covers the South Bronx. The first edition for this year had not yet been published when the writer visited the school.

There are now thirty-eight graduates of the school working at *The Washington Post*, including two regular columnists: Richard Cohen and Dorothy Gilliam. There are also, at present, approximately sixty-five alumni at *The Wall Street Journal*, ninety-six at *The New York Times*, fifty-two at ABC News and countless numbers at other distinguished news organizations.

JOAN KONNER
Dean, Columbia Graduate School of Journalism
New York, New York

To the editors:

Your story on the Columbia Journalism School was on the mark, albeit quite depressing for those of us who owe our parents and the banks.

J-school was a terribly expensive disappointment. But, since spring is in the air, may I offer a related success story? While I have not yet made the mysterious five-year-leap, I did meet my husband, an Irish native, at J-school. For the record, I went to the school to get out of p.r., not to get a Mrs. But he was fresh off Aer Lingus and I couldn't resist.

So what's the lede? Anecdotal. Something about how anyone who pays attention to nut graphs will never wholly kiss you (apologies to e.e. cummings). The head? HOW MY $20,000 ALIEN GOT ME THROUGH J-SCHOOL: GRAPHIC PHOTOS INSIDE.

NORA FITZGERALD
Dallas, Texas

To the editors:

Irresponsibility undermines the credibility of journalism. Responsibility is a value we try to instill in students at Berkeley, as I am sure instructors at other journalism schools do as well. And most certainly, responsibility is a value that Lewis, stylish writer that he is, failed to exercise in his article. It is quite easy to make an institution—any institution—look foolish. God knows, journalism schools, including Columbia and Berkeley, have deficiencies, but they play a pivotal role in training journalists and in establishing standards of fairness and responsibility for the trade. Mr. Lewis and those whom he quotes have excelled in journalism without formal training. That should not entitle them to belittle those who have chosen another path.

TOM GOLDSTEIN
Dean, Graduate School of Journalism at Berkeley
Berkeley, California

To the editors:

Michael Lewis implies: Don't teach

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journalism's pitfalls; let novices make their own mistakes. Sober testing of journalistic practice and ethics is needed, however. Proof from the consumers: 1) Journalists fall just ahead of Congress and used-car salesmen in national polls measuring credibility. 2) The public supported the military when the media protested censorship in the Gulf war. 3) An American Society of Newspaper Editors study concludes that newspaper writing is dull and turns off readers.

But Lewis insists that all is right with American journalism, if only aspiring reporters wouldn't go to J-schools.

Yet the low estate of much electronic journalism and the print press's sad efforts to emulate T.V.'s hyped news coverage underscore the need for higher ethical standards in journalism. Journalism is not, as Lewis says, "simple." Good journalism teaching doesn't "complicate" reality or reporting in order to populate J-schools, as Lewis charges. It is no longer adequate, if it ever was, to "just write." A journalist must know more, be more sensitive to the harm words can cause, as well as untruths they can provide—even in so-called "objective" reporting.

LEONARD R. SUSSMAN
Adjunct Professor of Journalism and Mass Communication
New York University
New York, New York

To the editors:

I suspect the real value of a journalism school education is somewhere between the worthless waste of time described by Michael Lewis and the meaningful experience which will undoubtedly be described in many other letters to THE NEW REPUBLIC.

One thing I'm sure of though: the article was one of the most provocative and interesting articles I've ever read anywhere.

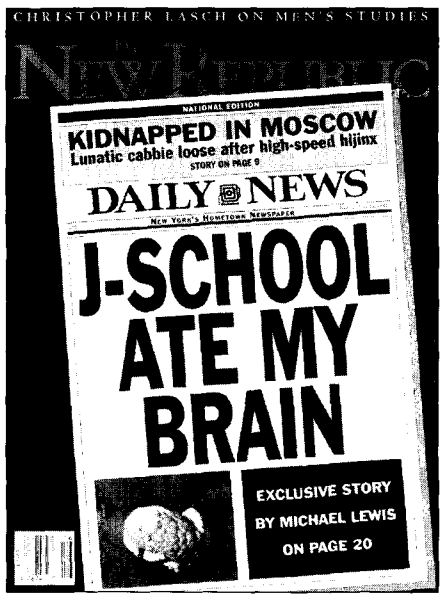
STEVEN SCHRAGIS
New York, New York

Michael Lewis replies:

I am grateful to Dean Konner for restricting herself to the more stunning and deliberate errors in my article. But the only calculated lie I can corroborate is the misspelling of Stephen Isaacs. As for the others: According to the *Columbia University Bulletin*, tuition and fees last year at the journalism school ran $17,541 ($28,115 including living expenses) and the dean herself told me $18,000 was about right. While it's true that Columbia's journalism program ends nine months after it begins, the students are actually in school only about seven months.

I did not write that Columbia was the first school, only that Joseph Pulitzer had plans to open the first school, which is both true and to the point that journalism schools were Pulitzer's brainchild. Other schools opened in the ten years that elapsed before Columbia accepted Pulitzer's money. I did not write that the students put out a paper dealing with events in the school. I did not write that Columbia graduates are shut out of prestigious news organizations, only that there was no meaningful, desirable connection between their formal education and their careers.

I did not disparage the importance of language and accuracy in journalism, merely the way language and accuracy were taught by the dean of academic affairs at the Columbia Journalism School. And what does it say about the


CHRISTOPHER LASCH ON MEN'S STUDIES
NEW REPUBLIC
NATIONAL EDITION
KIDNAPPED IN MOSCOW
Lunatic cabbie loose after high-speed hijinx
STORY ON PAGE 9
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NEW YORK'S HOMETOWN NEWSPAPER
J-SCHOOL ATE MY BRAIN
EXCLUSIVE STORY BY MICHAEL LEWIS ON PAGE 20

attitude to the printed word in journalism schools that the dean of the most prestigious schools of all believes she can discredit a piece of journalism by amassing a pile of phony (and in any case inconsequential) factual errors?

Otherwise open-minded

To the editors:

I am deeply troubled by "The Immigrants" in the April 19 issue. I am disheartened that an otherwise open-minded and progressive institution has succumbed to the most pernicious stereotypes and ethnic fear-mongering. TNR would never suggest that significant numbers of Italian-Americans do not share our country's values because of the behavior of a few mafiosi. You would never indict the Latino-American culture because of the arrest of a group of Colombian drug runners. You would not automatically impugn the loyalty of the Irish-American family of a member of the IRA. America's Arabs are no different than these and other ethnic groups in our country, yet "The Immigrants" treats them in exactly this way.

To claim that those among "the last large contingent of Arab immigrants . . . were fleeing from the fires that they had helped set" indicts an entire wave of immigrants as troublemakers or fanatics. This is a gross and unfair stereotype. I should not need to remind you how dangerous and unhelpful it is to assign guilt collectively. TNR also confuses the victims of oppression and poverty with the corrupt tyrants who make life in their home countries so unbearable that they have to leave.

There is no question that terrorists and criminals should not be allowed into our country, no matter where they come from. At the same time, we need to guard against hysterical reactions that indict entire cultures and direct suspicion toward ethnic groups because of the behavior of a group of individuals. The policy implications of "The Immigrants" are dangerous, not only for American-Arabs, but all individual and collective members of our mosaic.

HASSAN ELMASRY
New York, New York

Object of contempt

To the editors:

The gay romp in the barracks conjured in Martin Litvin's "Bunk Mates" (April 19)—two male NCOs humping each other in the midst of twenty disinterested soldiers—contradicts my recollections of the way homosexuals were perceived and treated during the seven years I served in World War II and the Korean War. On the few occasions when a homosexual in the ranks revealed his yen for male affection, he would receive a beating from the object of his desire, followed by more beatings from the rest of the troops, then a transfer out in disgrace. The homosexual in the ranks was, almost universally, an object of contempt.

JOSEPH R. OWEN
Skaneateles, New York

Drug use

To the editors:

Sam Thernstrom's article titled "Jungle Fever" (April 19) contains a mistake. He describes vinblastine and vincristine as being discovered in the mid-1980s. These drugs entered into the clinical practice of cancer chemotherapy in the early 1960s.

DAVID H. GARFIELD, M.D.
Denver, Colorado

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FROM WASHINGTON

Culture clubbing

In college, I took a class on Freud and Durkheim taught by two teaching fellows, one of whom was a law student named Bill Bennett. I wish I could recall that Bennett was a brilliant tutor who made the classic texts of Western social theory come alive. I wish I could say something, anything, about the young Bennett's views. But the truth is, I don't remember him talking much at all. Maybe he hadn't done the reading either.

Or perhaps he was simply overcome with disgust at the "drug-using flower children" surrounding him at an elite, liberal college in 1971. To hear Bennett tell it (in his recent book, *The De-Valuing of America*) he, like many neoconservatives, has been reacting to that trauma ever since. In Bennett's case, contempt for "the liberal elite" and its "cultural nihilism" fueled a spectacular bureaucratic career during the Reagan/Bush years (chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, secretary of education, "drug czar").

Soon it may be fueling a run at the presidency. Bennett has always failed miserably at concealing his presidential ambitions. With the Republican right divorcing Jack Kemp (for getting too compassionate), Bennett has his opening. Recently he signed up to be chairman of conservative hustler Paul Weyrich's "National Empowerment Television," which will in theory link up Bennett via satellite with a ready-made network of grass-roots activists. Bennett now admits he's contemplating a 1996 campaign. In both his book and his recent speeches, he has telegraphed that campaign's organizing principle: a "battle for the culture" between "elite and mainstream America." The elites support pornography, multiculturalism and "value-neutral" education. Mainstream Americans don't.

Who are the insidious elites? They are the usual suspects: "academics and intellectuals, in the literary world ... in Hollywood, in the artistic community" and "in some quarters of the media." But, most significantly, they are "people who shape public discourse" in the capital. Long before Perot, Bennett was filled with cartoonish anti-Washington bluster. He is not, he tells interviewers, a "Washington person." His critics "stay in Washington among their own," swapping "hearsay (often over lunch at a ritzy restaurant)." But he takes the advice of his wife to "get out of Washington and visit the rest of America." His conclusion? "The American people are fine. Washington is not."

There are a number of ironies to this. One, of course, is that Bennett is a complete creature of Washington. He grew up here. He's spent the past twelve years here. As a political phenomenon, he could hardly exist anywhere else. Only insecure, middlebrow Washington would be so easily impressed by Bennett's presentation of himself as an intellectual, by his non-*Bartlett's* references to Plato and Pliny the Elder, his portentous allusions to "moral and philosophical underpinnings."

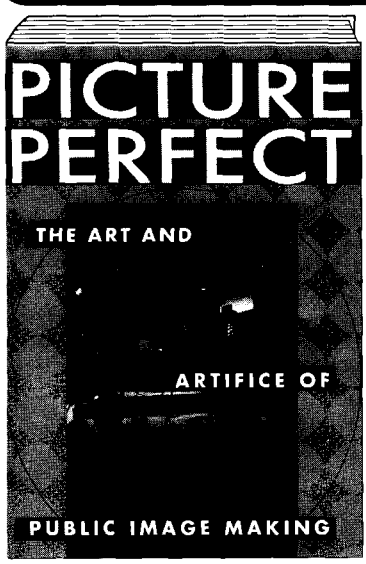
A few years ago, Bennett's advisers actually urged him to get out of the capital and move to North Carolina. That would have set Bennett up to run for the U.S. Senate seat then held by Democrat Terry Sanford. Even though Sanford was highly vulnerable (he lost), Bennett refused, preferring to live in Washington and make lucrative speeches. In the four-month interval between his resignation as education secretary and his appointment as drug czar, Bennett made $240,000 in speaking fees, according to *The Washington Post*. In 1990 he turned down an offer to head the Republican National Committee because it would have interfered with his buckraking.

There's also something a bit ironic, if not arrogant, about Bennett's apparent belief that he can seek the presidency without ever deigning to run for, much less get elected to, a lower office. What evidence would "mainstream Americans" have that Bennett could do the job? Traditionally, presidential candidates have proved themselves in Congress or a statehouse, as Ronald Reagan did. If any celebrity can sail straight to the top on a sea of electronic publicity, that's a development you'd think should alarm a conservative such as Bennett, who righteously criticizes liberals for failing to uphold the "tried and true" functionalism of traditional practices.

A Bennett presidency is not necessarily the prescription that follows from Bennett's diagnosis of "cultural breakdown." When he published his "Index of Lead-

continued on page 53

Is Seeing Believing?



Has our growing awareness that pictures can be fabricated enabled us to see through the artifice of professional image makers? In this important book, Kiku Adatto concludes that, in spite of our growing sophistication, we continue to be moved by the pictures we see on television, in movies, and in photographs because they tap into ideals and myths still alive in our culture.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MAY 17, 1993

THE BORKING OF BILL

With a pro-choice president and both houses of Congress at its disposal, the women's movement should be celebrating a glorious summer. For the first time in a generation, three of feminism's vital goals are within reach: a Freedom of Choice Act that would codify *Roe* v. *Wade*; an abortion clinic access bill that would impose federal penalties on pro-life terrorists; and, in Ruth Bader Ginsburg, a Supreme Court candidate who led the constitutional battle for gender equality and who would be acclaimed by liberals and conservatives alike. Yet because of the overreaching zealotry of some of the movement's leaders, all three goals are now in jeopardy.

In the debate over the Freedom of Choice Act, some women's groups have displayed what Barney Frank rightly calls "the worst self-defeating leftist purism." Initial drafts of the bill simply codified the heart of *Roe*, saying that states "may not restrict the right of a woman to choose to terminate a pregnancy before fetal viability." But pro-choice leaders have now resolved to extend the bill beyond the goal of keeping abortion legal, which most people favor, toward the more controversial goal of making it easily accessible—free of parental consent requirements and waiting periods. Pat Schroeder has joined with Henry Hyde to kill a provision in the House bill that would have allowed states to require parental consent for minors. Why does Hyde oppose a parental consent provision? Because he knows that without one, the bill won't pass.

"If we have to continue to fight [about parental consent] in fifty state capitals," NOW's Patricia Ireland responds, "then I am not clear what the point is with moving ahead with the Freedom of Choice Act." Let us explain. The point of the Freedom of Choice Act is to codify the basic right to abortion recognized in *Roe*, not to remove all obstacles to its exercise. Parental consent provisions, for example, were always permissible under *Roe*. (Waiting periods, in some circumstances, were not, but were hardly central to the logic of the original decision.) And although unrestricted access to abortion is important, it is far less urgent—and far less susceptible to national consensus—than removing the right to choose from judicial caprice. Having waited twenty years for a legislative solution to the abortion question, pro-choice moderates should not give in to liberal extremists, whose self-interest lies in prolonging the battle at all costs.

The clinic access bill, too, has been delayed by zealotry. In the wake of Dr. David Gunn's murder and the Supreme Court decision denying federal protection for abortion clinics, Congress might have had a bill on the president's desk in a matter of weeks. But instead of focusing strictly on physical interference with abortion rights, some women's groups have urged Congress to prohibit a range of harassment, including the stalking of abortion doctors and their patients. The House bill also has been questioned on First Amendment grounds. Three weeks ago, Senator Edward Kennedy proposed more acceptable language banning "the use or threat of force ... that intentionally injures, intimidates or interferes with" abortion services. Rather than continuing to fight for broader language, pro-choice groups should unite to pass the Kennedy bill as soon as possible.

Finally, there is the Supreme Court. Interest groups on the right are preparing to oppose *any* Clinton nominee on the assumption she will be a radical *Roe* supporter. (See "Borking Back" by Ruth Shalit, page 18.) But in an even more perverse irony, interest groups on the left are now reverse-borking Ginsburg, the Thurgood Marshall of the women's movement, because she has criticized the reasoning, but not the result, in *Roe*. For fear of offending women's group purists, Clinton is being urged to bypass Ginsburg for a less distinguished candidate, such as Stephanie Seymour of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Although Clinton can be forgiven for any number of compromises, a second-rate Court nominee would be unforgivable. The best way for the president to prove his moderate liberal credentials would be to resist the interest groups and to push for all three advances that are within his reach: national legislation protecting the right to choose, federal remedies against pro-life terror and a Supreme Court justice who could revive the flame of principled liberalism for decades to come. •

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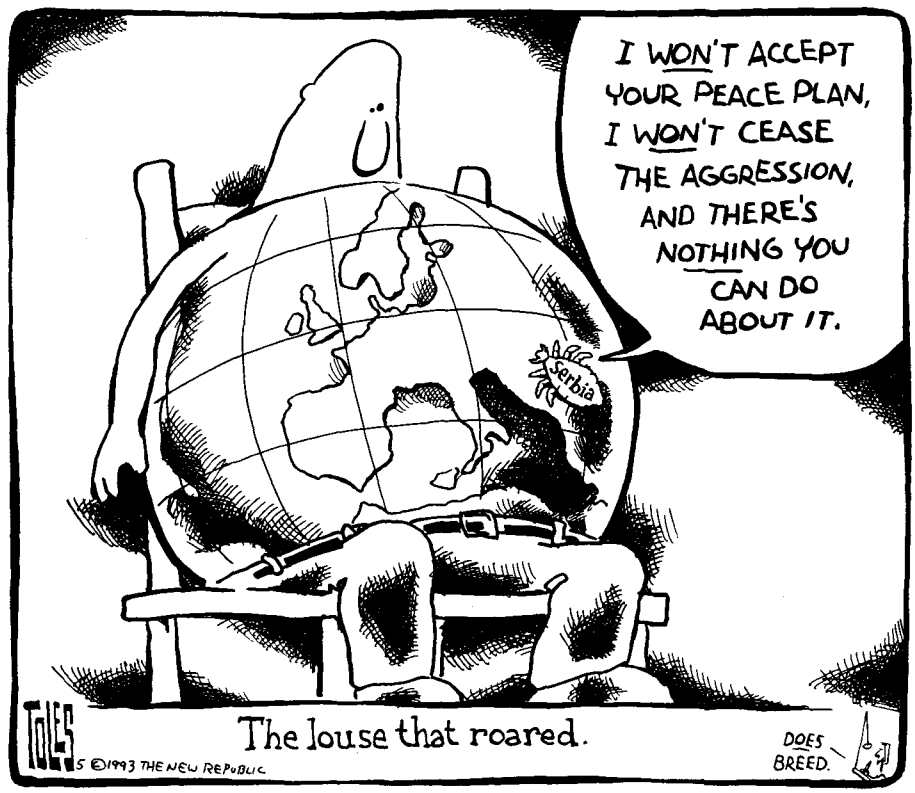
NOTEBOOK

CLINTONISM WATCH: Bill Clinton was conveniently out of town last Sunday, the day of the gay March on Washington. His excuse—a prior speaking engagement before the American Newspaper Association in Boston—was made somewhat moot by the fact that the convention was set to start Monday until he forced the newspapermen to accommodate his enigmatic schedule.

WAR POWERS TIME: Our last few presidents have had little use, and little respect, for the Constitutional role of Congress in deciding when the United States should make war. Ronald Reagan didn't consult Congress about invading Grenada, bombing Libya, stationing troops in Lebanon or reflagging Kuwaiti oil tankers. Thanks to various technicalities, Reagan was able to argue he didn't need approval, but his contempt for Congress was clear just the same. George Bush did ask for, and got, a congressional resolution supporting the use of force in the Persian Gulf, but maintained that doing so was strictly optional under the War Powers Resolution Act, since our actions were "defensive." Bill Clinton should set a better example. Last Tuesday, he wisely consulted with key members of Congress on possible intervention in the Balkans. But before he launches any air strikes against the Serbs, we'd like to see him underscore his threat with a congressional mandate. This is not only a legal nicety; it's smart politics. The country should not go to war without a thorough debate in Congress, a debate in which we believe the moral imperative for action will emerge. And if things go badly with the intervention, Congress will share responsibility. A good Hill debate on Bosnia might also of itself convince the Serbs of a tougher American face. Lord knows our credibility couldn't be much worse than it is now.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The louse that roared.
DOES BREED.

SLEAZE PATROL: Lobbyist for the damned Edward van Kloberg, a convicted felon who has in the past represented the misunderstood governments of Iraq, Burma and Zaire, among others, has a new partner. It's former congressman Mervyn Dymally of California, who until January was chairman of the Africa subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. According to *The Washington Post*, Dymally has close ties with Zairean kleptocrat Mobutu Sese Seko (See "Moneybags," by Joshua Hammer, page 11), for whom he has long been an apologist, as well as with other less than democratic Third-World potentates. It looks to be a long and fruitful partnership.

P.C. VS. GAY RIGHTS: If you looked around at last weekend's gay March on Washington, you would have seen an overwhelmingly white (and disproportionately white male) crowd. The speakers and performers, on the other hand, were almost all, to use the officially approved terminology, "minority queers." The hostility to gay white males extended beyond an apparent ban on disco music at the rally in favor of excruciating folk tunes and ear-splitting counter-cultural rants. The March on Washington executive committee, which mandated 50 percent minority quotas on its state committees, allowed a grand total of two white males out of its fourteen members. Of twenty-four speakers featured in the official program, only five were white males, and they were virtually unavoidable: two United States congressmen, Barney Frank and Gerry Studds; the head of the largest gay PAC; and Bill Clinton's buddy, David Mixner. No one is suggesting, of course, that racial minorities and women shouldn't be included in such an event at all levels. But should a march designed to oppose discrimination actually impose it against the majority of its members? •

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GODSPELL 2

The Eliminator

WACO	vs.	THE 1970s
David Koresh's hairdo		Doug Hennings's hairdo
Studly aviator glasses dare to have flair		*Studly aviator glasses dare to have flair*
Rock 'n' Roll for God		Godspell
Branch Davidians go down in flames in confrontation with authorities		*Symbionese Liberation Army goes down in flames in confrontation with authorities*
Lots of sex		Lots of sex
Possibility of hearing about Roger Clinton's hijinx while changing to other channels		*Possibility of hearing about Billy Carter's hijinx while changing to other channels*
Male evacuees from compound favor long hair and odd clothing		Band members from Slade and The Sweet favor long hair and odd clothing
Highly visual destruction		*Disaster movies*
Kerosene		Grape Kool-Aid
Band drummer, David Thibodeau, avoids spontaneous combustion		*Spinal Tap drummer spontaneously combusts*
Many Australians and Brits		The Bee-Gees, Bay City Rollers
Ranch Apocalypse harbors children of God		The Omen *features child of Satan*

DOUGLAS COUPLAND

The marketing of Shakespeare.

TWO AGENTS OF VERONA

By Pico Iyer

"Hey, Billy. Just a minute. There's someone here who wants to talk to you. Seems they're planning some kind of conference on Afro-European relations. They've heard about the new thing, and they want you to be on the panel."

"Wait. Before you get back to them, this just came in on the fax. Some women's group wants you to go to Venice, California. They're putting together a lecture series on 'Women Who Love the Men Who Kill Them.' Webster's going to be there, Jonson too. You'd be perfect, Bill: you've used women characters, you've been in love."

"Hold it. What about that exclusive contract we signed with the guys who did *Two Gentlepeople of Verona*?"

"Sure. But this is different. Plus, there's a guy here from some cable station in Naples. Says you've worked up a lot of excitement over there by using an Italian as the heavy. No, of course they haven't seen the script yet. But they're wild about it. They want you on their morning show. Tomorrow. In Naples. Could be great exposure for the Euro-markets."

"Bill, you've got to understand something. You're sitting on a gold mine here. This thing is dynamite. If you play your cards right, this one could touch all the bases. A black guy; a high-society blonde whose old man is a senator; this Cassio guy, fooling around with a street-walker; that stuff about Cyprus, Rhodes, the Middle East. Even the gays are claiming it as their own—'From Bonding to Bondage,' or something. There isn't a guy in the country who can't relate to this. Daughter's off on some interracial kick. Colleague's got the hots for her husband. And the immigrant war-hero's out to lunch."

"No way. That's when we're shooting this T.V. thing Bill's going to present. Remember? 'Venice: Love and Death.'"

"Mr. S? Some guy from the *Stratford Sun* wants to cover the local angle."

"No go. We've given an exclusive to the Mauritanians—this is the first plug these guys have got in years."

"Yeah, but I have a request here from the *Stratford, Ontario Gazette*. Seems you're a local story there too. And in Othello, Washington."

"Sure. But you've got to go easy with those guys. That bit about the cannibals, the Anthropophagi? The macrobiotic crowd's going crazy."

"Maybe you could just hold a press conference or two? Put out some comments about interracial murder? Maybe a few lines about mixed marriages? A couple of bites on the buddy theme? How the boozing songs aren't meant to be a number on A.A.? Seems like you're the only guy in Warwickshire who can talk for white men."

"And for white naysaying spirits."

"And for white murderers."

"Sure. But what about the tour? We've already committed to the breakfast shows, the major bookstores, that playwrighting gig at Bard."

"That reminds me, Bill. What do you think of an Esalen seminar with Bly? Then we could follow by getting Tannen, Steinem and a few others for some kind of Town Hall meeting. Great documentary potential."

"Right. Maybe work in a plug for that bar that wants to call itself 'The Turbaned Turk.'"

"You interested in a kind of hair promotion tie-in? Male pattern baldness thing?"

"Jim, he just did a—"

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"The thing is, William, you may know about pentameters, but you know nothing about marketing. You want people to see your play or not? If not, fine, just tell me, and we'll call the whole thing off. Pull the plug. Kaput. Nada. Sayonara. I mean, it's not like we're asking you to sell your soul to the devil. All we're saying is, 'Be yourself.' Take your show on the road. Let them get a taste of who you are. The play's the thing, sure. But the play's going to be around for two months, three months tops. Maybe get a second life when *Moor's the Pity* hits the stage. But you—you're here for the duration. You've got to get your name out there, your face."

"Just think of it this way: you're trading in one kind of communication for another. What is this thing with purity you've got? Burroughs does the Laurie Anderson movie—even appears in *Heavy Petting*—and you can't go out and talk to Regis and Kathie Lee?"

"It's the first law of motion. If you can't move the product, move the audience. Raising funds is the first step toward raising consciousness. Remember what that Connolly guy said: it's not the creation of art that's important, it's the 'diffusion.'"

"Look, my friend, we've got the whole strategy mapped out. We're playing it close, real close to the chest. Just a few advance copies targeted at the right players: *Ebony*, *Soldier of Fortune*, *Cosmo*. Get the willow song into an Avon commercial or two. Then get the teasers out: "The first frank look at the love between three people!" Blond hair, black limbs, Venice vistas: you know the scene. I can see *The New Yorker* cover now. Then you go out there and just play up the deep stuff. 'Base Indian/Base Judaean,' 'Barefoot to Palestine for a taste of his nether lip'—there's something here for everyone."

"Even a kid could do it: just work out a few lines in advance—'Merchant of Menace,' 'Jennets for Germans,' 'Cassio's Clay,' that kind of thing—and you'll be on every talk show in the country."

"Sales? No sweat, Bill. Sure they're not what we figured they'd be, even after the Italian-American boycott. But there's a lot of interest—big interest, global interest—in your next thing. You're bringing back the Italian guy, right? Just make sure he's in the opening scene—for the credit sequence. And maybe give him some kind of Eurasian feel—the Saigon market's almost as big as the Italian one. And go easy on that bed scene—we don't want to lose a P.G.-13. Just think Gap ad, *Vanity Fair*, Jenny Holzer kind of thing. Maybe ask Kathie Lee for a couple of tips.

"And this time he's going to be with an old guy, right? And three daughters? Perfect! The whole child abuse, sibling rivalry thing. Family values through the kazoo! I can almost see the prime-time billing. Bill, I have a feeling this could be the big one. Forget about sales; we're talking residuals!"

PICO IYER's new book *Falling Off the Map* is just out from Knopf.

KINSHASA POSTCARD

MONEYBAGS

By Joshua Hammer

Kamlesh Amin hasn't had an easy time the last eighteen months. A Pakistani entrepreneur who has lived in Zaire for two decades, Amin runs a chain of electronics shops in downtown Kinshasa, ground zero for two waves of catastrophic looting that easily outdid the Los Angeles riot of 1992. In September 1991 rampaging troops and civilians made off with $2.6 million worth of his merchandise. Three months ago, the soldiers struck again, this time managing to steal a mere $280,000 worth of stereos and T.V.s—largely because Amin kept his inventory down in anticipation of another outbreak. Amin doesn't carry property insurance; sipping coffee in his office in a decrepit downtown high-rise, he asks: "Who would insure you in a place like this?"

Yet Amin isn't particularly hurting, thanks to friends in high places. Every few weeks, Amin visits a corrupt top executive at the Central Bank of Zaire and hands the man $2,000 in cash. The executive pockets the money and gives Amin a signed bank check for 100 billion zaires—nearly twenty times the official exchange rate. The figure is arbitrary: "The fellow at the Central Bank doesn't care what he writes on the check," Amin explains. "All he is interested in is the $2,000." Amin then deposits the check and draws on it to pay all his government obligations, including exorbitant import duties. The trick? Amin is able to pay at the far lower official rate. By trading this way, Amin has erased the losses he suffered from looting—and helped the government defraud itself into ruin.

There are a few thousand Amins left in Zaire, longtime expatriates sticking it out despite the country's near-complete economic collapse under Mobutu Sese Seko. Years of astounding government pilferage, a collapsing infrastructure and two riots in two years have turned what should be one of Africa's most prosperous nations into one of the world's basket cases. The treasury is bankrupt, the banking system has broken down, the inflation rate is 3,000 percent a year, social services have stopped and the cozy expatriate network of days past has been dissolved. Still, they stay on—some hoping merely to make a living, others looking for a killing. "We've lived here thirty years—this is our home," a Belgian plastics manufacturer told me as we sat in his plush apartment in Kinshasa, eating endive he has flown into Brazzaville and ferried across the Zaire River. Like most

continued on page 14

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INVEST IN FREEDOM
SAVE RADIO FREE EUROPE, RADIO LIBERTY

"Democracy does not have that many weapons against its enemies. Why destroy the few that exist, especially two that have proved themselves so effective in the struggle against tyranny?"
Walter Laqueur, Wall Street Journal, March 4, 1993

"Their loss would...be inimical to the goals of American foreign policy."
Los Angeles Times Editorial, April 11, 1993

"Compared with expenditures for heavy weapons, the costs of maintaining broadcast stations is minimal; they are, indeed, a drop in the sea."
Czeslaw Milosz, New York Times, March 3, 1993

"They are central to President Clinton's promise to nourish democracy in once-Communist lands."
Washington Post Editorial, April 5, 1993

"It would...be madness to shut this down."
William Pfaff, International Herald Tribune, March 11, 1993

"...the most effective weapons in the American foreign-policy arsenal."
Eric Breindel, New York Post, March 4, 1993

"...the administration is threatening to axe one of America's most successful—and cost effective—programs...If the citizens of these ex-Communist nations are to play a role in shaping their futures, they desperately need access to accurate information..."
Trudy Rubin, Philadelphia Inquirer, March 12, 1993

"RFE/RL is a hedge against the rise of...the kind of government that we see in power in Serbia and Croatia, [where] RFE/RL never broadcast."
Dorin Tudoran, Christian Science Monitor, March 24, 1993

"Tomorrow, information will become more important to Russia than bread."
Maya Plisetskaya, former prima ballerina of the Bolshoi Ballet, Los Angeles Times, April 11, 1993

The turmoil in the former Soviet bloc proves that democracy does not come easily to peoples once ruled by tyranny. Repressive forces threaten them and our hopes for a more peaceful world.

Yet some would retire two of America's most successful, cost-effective weapons in the fight for freedom—Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty. They say that these radios are relics of the Cold War. They are wrong.

The free radios are more important than ever. They alone broadcast in-depth, unbiased reporting on events in those troubled lands to the peoples whose fates are at stake. They have a credibility and an audience no other broadcaster has.

The free flow of information is the lifeblood of democracy. Without it, freedom perishes. What Americans fail to understand is how far these countries are from enjoying an independent media.

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Silence is the ally of the demagogue. Just look at the former Yugoslavia. A brutal war, fueled by propaganda, bigotry and scare tactics. Ethnic cleansing. Recently Polish President Lech Walesa declared, "If Radio Free Europe had broadcast all these years to Yugoslavia, we would not have the bloodshed there today."

President Clinton is right in urging help for Russia's beleaguered democrats. Yet penny-wise, pound foolish bureaucrats would sack a vital tool in the struggle to secure democracy.

Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty helped raze the Berlin Wall. They can help keep tyranny from making a comeback. Join the impressive company working to save Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty.

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manufacturers in Zaire, Claude has abandoned Zaire's banks. He secures hard currency to import raw materials from Lebanese diamond traders, now the only people bringing dollars into the country. "We're not making money," Claude told me. "But we survive."

Survival means, first of all, coping with Zaire's monetary crisis. Mobutu's penchant for printing currency has thrown the financial system into chaos. Last January Mobutu sparked the second riot after he attempted to introduce a new denomination of currency: the 5 million zaire note (worth $2). His political rival, Prime Minister Etienne Tshisikedi, concerned by the possibility of hyperinflation and by the fact that Mobutu's cronies were leaving the bank with boxes stuffed with the bills, fired the pro-Mobutu governor of Zaire's Central Bank and declared the notes valueless. Rank and file soldiers who tried to use the bills in Kinshasa's markets went berserk after merchants turned them down. The soldiers shot merchants and went on a looting spree. Still, the Central Bank kept printing them in defiance of Tshisikedi. Some companies—including Utex Africa, Zaire's largest textile manufacturer—shut down rather than be forced to accept them.

Yet one man's financial ruin is another's opportunity. Pro-Mobutu governors in two provinces have declared the bills legal tender. That has created a speculative market in Kinshasa. Now, currency traders buy up the 5 million notes at an inflated rate of 24 million to the dollar, transport them to the provincial capitals and trade them there for smaller denominations. Or they hoard the bills in anticipation of their negotiability under a Mobutu puppet government. All money exchanges take place on Kinshasa streets. During a walk down Kinshasa's "Wall Street," I saw people with suitcases, shopping bags and car trunks brimming with bank notes.

One of the most frustrating aspects of trying to do business in Kinshasa is simply getting around. Because of prohibitive insurance rates, foreign airlines no longer land at Kinshasa's Ndjili Airport, which was looted in 1991 by troops, who ripped out telephones and destroyed duty-free shops and restaurants. Of Air Zaire's four jets, one DC-10 was seized by Belgium in January for nonpayment of debts, and another by Israel. Mobutu has diverted the remaining two 737s to shuttle in bank notes from his printer in Germany. Zaire's maritime company, C.M. Zed, has no more boats; all have been sold at forced auction. Roads have disintegrated; of the roughly 400 kilometers of highway between Zaire's main port, Matati, and Kinshasa, only about forty kilometers are still paved.

I met one regular commuter on that highway, a third-generation Belgian expatriate I'll call Pierre. (He doesn't want his real name used out of fear of reprisal.) His grandparents were Belgian missionaries who settled in central Zaire in the 1920s, but were forced to evacuate in 1965 during the bloody anti-European uprising by followers of Patrice Lumumba. His parents returned to Zaire but fled again in the mid-1970s after their businesses were seized. Pierre emigrated to South Africa, then came home to Zaire five years ago as the national representative for a transcontinental shipping line. Now he has a flat in Kinshasa but spends half his time in Matati, a steamy, malaria-ridden port on the Zaire River—the farthest inland that cargo ships can travel from the Atlantic Ocean.

A wispy man with a warm and open demeanor, Pierre has the system down cold. Once every two weeks he drives his Land Cruiser over the battered Matati-Kinshasa road; the army has set up five road blocks en route, each manned by hungry soldiers demanding tribute from motorists. "The trick is to pre-empt them," says Pierre. "I smile a huge smile, shake their hands. 'Papa,' I say, 'You look so thirsty—how about some beer money?' I never pay more than 5 million zaires [$2] apiece." The petty bribery continues at the port, where Pierre must hand out "gifts" to everyone from customs agents to the foremen of the twenty-man work crews that unload his containers of electronic goods, raw materials and food stuffs. Like most Belgian expatriates, Pierre is uncertain about Zaire's future. "I suspect we'll have another explosion of violence soon," he says.

In the meantime Pierre escapes when he can to the few oases left in the capital. By far the favorite of the Belgian expatriates is Chantilly, an immaculate patisserie run by a well-connected Pakistani family. Located across the street from an abandoned Citibank office, the place is a slice of Brussels in the heart of decrepitude: pink tablecloths, cappuccino machines and trays filled with pastries and croissants.

Embassy types, foreign businessmen and well-tailored members of the *mouvance*—the pro-Mobutu clique that controls Zaire's businesses and government ministries—hold court on weekend mornings with their ubiquitous cellular telephones. How did Chantilly manage to avoid being hit during the pillage? Connections. The owners have round-the-clock protection, provided by Uzi-carrying members of Mobutu's feared Special Presidential Division (DSP), and by armed plainclothes policemen.

Kinshasa's one other expatriate enclave, the luxurious Intercontinental Hotel, almost wasn't as lucky. According to locals, its security chief desperately phoned the head of the DSP the first night of January's looting spree, begging for protection. The DSP's response: sorry, fella. Since the hotel hadn't accepted Mobutu's 5 million zaire notes, it would get no help. It took the security manager a half dozen more frantic calls before the commander of Zaire's military dispatched troops to ring the hotel. The Intercon remains pristinely surreal: $250-a-night rooms, crystal chandeliers and a row of fancy shops straight out of the Via Veneto. Even so, reality creeps in in ghoulish ways. During Easter week, the Intercontinental's outdoor restaurant put up a barnyard display for children, with tiny chicks and a pair of bunny rabbits. One morning the rabbits disappeared. It wasn't hard to guess what had happened: one of the hotel's hungry employees had taken them home and cooked them for Easter dinner.

JOSHUA HAMMER is *Newsweek*'s Nairobi bureau chief.

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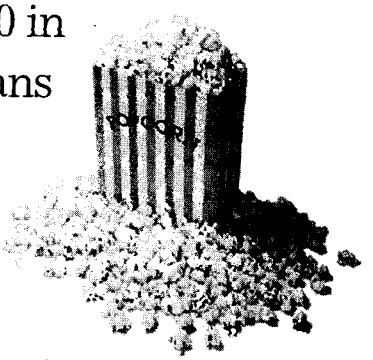
HOW THE COUNTRY GETS THINGS DONE

ONE IN A SERIES

Last summer the only full menu restaurant in Cherokee, Oklahoma closed its doors. So the town's rural electric co-op went right to work, helped raise $25,000 from local investors and got a new restaurant into business. It employs 13 and is already exceeding profit projections. Small potatoes? Not for folks in Cherokee. Farther north, there's Soyland Power Co-op in downstate Illinois. Here the co-op helped a family-owned popcorn warehouse expand its operations. But that warehouse is just one of the many businesses to benefit from co-op initiatives that stimulate the local economy. For example, $320,000 in Soyland community development loans have helped 24 businesses generate $5 million in economic growth, which isn't peanuts. Keeping local businesses in business, and helping others get started—it's no small part of the big job America's rural electric co-ops are doing in Oklahoma, Illinois, and all across the country.



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BACK TO BASICS

By Fred Barnes

During the presidential campaign, Bill Clinton was a persistent advocate of public school choice. This not only firmed up his credentials as a "new" Democrat. He actually liked the idea, having installed a school choice program in Arkansas. School choice got a further plug in *Putting People First*, Clinton's campaign book. He pledged to "help states develop public school choice programs like Arkansas's." And in the presidential debate in Richmond, Virginia, last October, Clinton endorsed a variant of school choice: innovative "charter" schools started by teachers under contract to public school authorities. "I don't think we should spend tax money on private schools, but I favor ... radical decentralization in giving more power to better trained principals and teachers."

That was last year, when Clinton was playing an outside game, appealing to voters. Now, as president, he's playing an inside game, catering to congressional Democrats, liberal interest groups and his own administration. School choice and charter schools have practically vanished from his agenda. It took sustained lobbying by several White House aides, primarily William Galston, to get charter schools included at all in Clinton's education package. Al From, president of the moderate Democratic Leadership Council and a Clinton adviser, also intervened, going directly to Education Secretary Richard Riley. (The DLC has championed charter schools.) Even with all that, charter schools wound up far down the list of suggested programs to which states might devote no more than 15 percent of their federal education assistance. Only "collecting and analyzing data" is a lower priority.

Clinton is a prisoner of his governing coalition. As a candidate, he ran from the center out. He was a centrist who also trolled for liberal support. Centrist ideas like welfare reform and middle-class tax relief got top billing. As president, he's governing from the left in. Liberal proposals such as the economic stimulus bill and ending restrictions on abortion come first. And popular centrist ideas such as charter schools are shunned because the coalition opposes them. Why? The coalition's most important member, the Democratic caucus in Congress, is predominantly liberal. So are the interest groups in the party's orbit in Washington (organized labor, feminists, blacks, environmentalists). So is the Clinton administration itself.

Clinton's embrace of a liberal coalition is no accident. He is desperate to avoid Jimmy Carter's fate. Carter ran as a centrist, then tried to govern as one. He failed. Instead of capitulating to Congress, he confronted his own party members, advocating cuts in cherished pork barrel projects. The left rebelled, challenging his policies at the Party's midterm convention in 1978 and then his renomination in 1980. Wounded, he lost the presidency to Ronald Reagan. Clinton's situation isn't exactly analogous to Carter's. The left, having endured a dozen years of Republican rule, is more chastened now. Largely thanks to Ross Perot, support for spending cuts is greater. But the institutional pull of the governing coalition is still there. And it's dragging him down.

Take the Education Department. The interest groups with clout are teachers' unions, the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers. Both endorsed Clinton early in the presidential campaign. School choice and charter schools are not their cup of tea. Thus "there was a distinct lack of enthusiasm for charter schools" at Education, says a Clinton adviser. "Thank God Clinton once endorsed charter schools." Absent that, charter schools probably wouldn't have made it into the administration's education plan at all.

The line item veto, another popular staple of Clinton's outside game, has fared worse. Clinton still endorses the idea. "I'm for the line item veto," he told the National Newspaper Association in Boston on April 25. "There are Democrats that are against it and Republicans that are for it." Only the Democratic opponents, especially Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia, matter. Clinton is afraid to buck them. Republican Senator John McCain of Arizona sought Clinton's help in March when he pressed to give the president a line item veto. Clinton offered none. Weeks after McCain's amendment was brushed aside on a procedural vote, Clinton wrote the senator a disingenuous letter: "I stand committed to my position that the line item veto must be addressed in Congress as free-standing legislation and not as an amendment." In fact, this was a new position for Clinton. Since the Senate Democratic leadership won't allow a separate vote, he's off the hook.

Relying on a liberal coalition has gotten Clinton into trouble. Best example: the economic stimulus, now deceased. It's a program, Clinton noted in Boston, "I did not campaign on in the campaign of 1992. I ran a fiscally responsible campaign." Rather, it was concocted once Clinton got to Washington partly as a sweetener to help the congressional Democrats swallow his stab at serious deficit reduction. As such, it worked. But since the $16.3 billion is spending earmarked chiefly for Democratic constituencies, Republicans rebelled. Senate GOP leader Bob Dole was able to hold all forty-three Republicans together in opposition because public pressure for the package was nonexistent.

There's a flip side to this embarrassing defeat for Clinton. He could instantly stir public enthusiasm if he proposed the opposite of the stimulus package, namely deep new spending cuts. The public appetite for less government and lower taxes is ravenous now, greater even than during the reign of President Reagan, an evangelist for spending cuts. In a recent ABC/*Washington Post* poll, trimming government and slashing taxes was preferred by 67 percent of Americans. Clinton insists he's eager for

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- ◆ Expand preventive care.
- ◆ Enact medical malpractice reform.
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more cuts. "I will say to you what I say to everybody," he declared in Boston. "Send me a list of the things you want cut because we found 200 things that we were cutting that weren't cut in the previous budget, and we're not done yet." In truth, he is done. He's already gotten lists of spending cuts from Republicans and Democrats. He's ignored them for a simple reason. His governing coalition is more hostile to spending cuts than it is to a line item veto. Budget Director Leon Panetta discovered this when he recommended sweeping cuts during White House budget deliberations, and was rebuffed.

The sad case of the Democratic Leadership Council also reflects Clinton's migration from new Democrat to old, from centrist to liberal, from playing an outside game to concentrating on an inside game. The DLC is the main source of fresh Democratic thinking and is Clinton's natural ideological home. Clinton was DLC chairman until he became a presidential candidate in 1991. Then he centered his campaign on DLC ideas: welfare reform, school choice, middle-class tax cut, etc. Now it looks like the DLC was seduced and dumped by Clinton. It has virtually no role in his governing coalition.

When the Clinton administration staffed up, liberal groups often exercised veto power over potential nominees. Environmentalists barred Lawrence Summers as chief White House economist. Senate Democrats nixed Paul Volcker as Treasury Secretary. But the DLC had no veto. It had to make a herculean effort to get jobs in the second or third tier for its policy experts. Bruce Reed was Clinton's campaign issues director, but he was pushed aside as White House domestic policy adviser for "diversity" reasons. A woman, Carol Rasco, got the job. Reed is her deputy. Elaine Kamarck, who's written cogently on family policy, was passed over for jobs at the Education Department and Health and Human Services Department. Her crime: she once wrote that Hillary Clinton should stay out of the limelight in the campaign. Kamarck finally hooked up with Vice President Gore's staff. Neither of the top officials at the DLC's think tank, the Progressive Policy Institute, got jobs. Will Marshall lost out at the State Department, and Rob Shapiro, an influential economics adviser in the campaign, failed to win an economics post. For them, affiliation with the DLC had become a stigma.

That may soon change. The defeat of Clinton's economic stimulus package has prompted the White House to reconsider its agenda and legislative strategy. Clinton's governing coalition failed him in the Senate. Republicans not only won the vote. They framed the issue better. Dole characterized the stimulus package as pork barrel that would boost the deficit. Clinton cast it as a jobs bill. Worse, Panetta warned publicly that more defeats may follow—on aid to Russia, the North American Free Trade Agreement, parts of his long-term economic program, health care.

Throughout the stimulus package struggle, Clinton's image suffered badly, an especially alarming development at the White House. In a fight with Dole, of all people, Clinton came off as an insider and representative of the old politics. And why not? The Senate floor leader and spokesman for his stimulus package was Byrd, the pork barrel king. Proof of Clinton's image trouble came in new polls delivered to the White House that showed Clinton is now falling short of a major political goal, attracting Ross Perot's voters. They're staying with Perot. Since they stuck when Perot was saying nice things about Clinton, they're not likely to jump now that he's attacking the president mercilessly.

Clinton has an option: return to his centrist roots. It's not that he's dropped the DLC's moderate initiatives entirely. They've just been downgraded—and can be upgraded. At a White House strategy session on April 23, Clinton asked about all of them: welfare reform, community policing, national service, even charter schools. He talked about reviving themes that worked in the campaign. Al From was among those invited to the meeting. All this signals a shift away from Clinton's governing coalition, but how big a shift is anybody's guess. As Clinton knows, it's risky for a Democrat to govern as a centrist. But times have changed since Carter. Congressional Democrats and liberal interest groups need Clinton more than he needs them. And the president may just be starting to realize it. •

The right gets even.

BORKING BACK

By Ruth Shalit

When Robert Bork's Supreme Court nomination went down in flames, his candidacy vanquished by a well-funded cohort of liberal pressure groups, conservatives deplored the tactics used to defeat him. "A political lynching," wailed Iowa Republican Senator Charles Grassley. "An inquisition," opined *The Wall Street Journal* editorial page. Asked to account for his candidate's defeat, Ronald Reagan blamed a "distortive and unseemly political campaign" waged by "liberal special-interest groups" bent on undoing democratic government. Bork himself, having beaten a bloody retreat to the American Enterprise Institute, called his tell-all *The Tempting of America: The Political Seduction of the Law.*

Conservatives have long blamed liberals for turning the judiciary into a theater of ideological conflict. But with a Democratic White House about to pick its first Supreme Court nominee, many of those who lamented the politicization of the courts are succumbing to temptation themselves. Seeking a populist mandate to quash Clinton's Supreme Court pick, a network of right-wing activists is resorting to the kind of acrimonious campaign conservatives used to decry.

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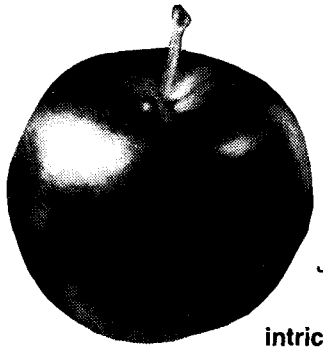

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in 1992 by the Coors-funded Free Congress Foundation, is spearheading the effort. The group is actively lobbying for the appointment of "judicial conservatives" to the bench and seeking to mobilize national opposition to combat virtually all others. "We will aggressively evaluate Supreme Court nominees, evaluate their record," says JSMP director Thomas Jipping. "Do they support a narrow interpretation of the Constitution? Do they support the traditional values of this country?" If not, more than sixty right-leaning national and state organizations will close ranks to coordinate a huge preemptive bork. "We're tearing a page out of the left's playbook," admits Clint Bolick of the Institute for Justice, who signed on to the effort. Bolick admits that for some participants, this could be a problem. "There are definitely some on the right who are living to regret statements made about the process," he chuckles.

One is Marianne Lombardi, the JSMP's deputy director. A Clarence Thomas supporter, Lombardi was "appalled" by the spectacle of his confirmation hearing. "I couldn't believe what I was seeing," she says. "The way special-interest groups had hijacked the process. This isn't what the Framers of the Constitution intended." The Framers, however, apparently made allowances for conservative hijackers. "I don't feel we have much of a choice," says Lombardi. "They're going to load up the courts with liberals and activists. We can't just stand by and let them do it. You mount some opposition, or you get swept away."

Under the stewardship of Jipping, who worked to coordinate public support for the Thomas nomination, the JSMP is insinuating itself into the process as both opposition research clearinghouse and vector of pseudo-populist ire. A team of conservative lawyers and academics works to evaluate nominees, track judicial vacancies and tally voting records, supplying senators and grass-roots activists with a daily diet of alarm. "The key," says Jipping, "will be going immediately to the grass roots, through satellite television and other methods, and using them as the backdrop of our strategy." On March 17 Jipping and Lombardi delivered to the White House more than 30,000 petitions urging the appointment of judicial conservatives.

Unlike left-wing borking schemes, which were at least nominee-specific, the right's apparatus of opposition seems intended to enmesh all nominees. "Free Congress is preparing to oppose whoever Clinton picks, because they're assuming that whoever Clinton picks is no damn good," says Peter Rolphe, executive director of Americans for Tax Reform, a JSMP supporter. "They're raising the stakes very early." Jipping's roster of likely nominees is less a short list than a conservative's direct-mail fantasy. "Laurence Tribe," he says. "Eleanor Holmes Norton. Marian Wright Edelman. Antonia Hernandez. Those are the names I hear." They're not the names anyone else hears. Unhappily for conservatives seeking vengeance, Clinton is anything but committed to nominating a left-leaner. By most accounts, he has narrowed his search to moderates such as Richard S. Arnold, José A. Cabranes and Ruth Bader Ginsburg.

The conservatives' doom-mongering is partly driven by financial concerns. They need a fight to stimulate contributions. "Our constituency is very worried about what Clinton is going to do," says Paul Gannon, head of direct mail for Free Congress. "That's beginning to show up in our fund-raising."

Despite media attention to techno-populist devices—call-in campaigns, fax blitzkriegs, satellite symposiums—as Perot-style direct democracy, the politics of instant outrage has so far proved most congenial to tacticians of the right. Where liberal groups were wired-in to the Senate Judiciary Committees in the Bork and Thomas nomination battles, conservatives are focusing on the strategies used to bork Zoe Baird and gays in the military. "Our goal is to get the information out to the grass roots and let the grass roots handle it," says Lombardi. "If 500,000 people start calling a senator's office, that senator might change his mind."

JSMP's latest venture is National Empowerment Television, a neo-Discovery Channel for family-values buffs that will soon have an affiliate in every congressional district. A March 23 show provides a sampling of future twenty-four-hour fare. "I'm sure that [Clinton's] nominee will find there is a constitutional right to homosexual sodomy," intoned the host. "I am sure they will once more reinvigorate *Roe* v. *Wade*. I think we're seeing a cultural revolution in the making."

Other JSMP coalition members brandish high-tech toys of their own. "Voice mail is making quick response on popular matters, including the judicial selection process, much easier and more efficient," says the Christian Coalition's Ralph Reed. "Our people check their voice mail regularly. I can dial an 800 number, hit my code, leave a five-minute message. I could say, 'It looks like we're going to have a vote in the Senate at 10 a.m. Here are the members we think are swing voters.'" Concerned Women of America, with 800 chapters in fifty states, has similar judicial plans.

Mindful of the left's interlocking networks of activists, academics and Senate staffers, Jipping is also moving to create "lines of communication" between JSMP troops and members of the judiciary committee. Unlike the Alliance for Justice, People for the American Way and other liberal-legal lobbies, right-wingers lack access to the process's inner workings. "The Free Congress people, for all their good intentions, just start out from a totally different vantage point," says a Republican Judiciary Committee staffer. "The ABA leaked names to the liberal groups. They knew [Douglas] Ginsburg was going to be picked before anyone here had heard anything about it. They said, don't worry, he's just a borklet, we'll take care of him. Nobody from the ABA is going to be leaking names to these people."

Meanwhile, Robert H. Bork, the technique's eponymous victim, has been reincarnated as the poster child for JSMP direct-mail solicitations. "Dear friend," he writes, "We must be ready to match the liberals, strength for strength, on that battlefield where law and politics meet." •

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Hyping anti-Semitism.

SCARING THE JEWS

By J. J. Goldberg

When representatives of the nation's major Jewish community relations groups gathered in New York last December to draft their yearly statement on anti-Semitism, the mood was quiet and businesslike. As they do each year, participants sorted through a depressing array of facts and figures illustrating Jewish vulnerability in America. The Anti-Defamation League presented its new poll, showing that one in five Americans holds pronounced anti-Semitic views. Panelists took note of the continuing plague of bias crimes against Jews, from graffiti to murder. Staff experts dissected the constitutional challenges being mounted against "hate crimes laws" intended to stop such crimes.

Amid all the reports and statistics, however, one fact received only cursory attention: that while ever growing numbers of Jews believe anti-Semitism in America is rising to crisis proportions, by nearly every available measure it is actually on the decline. Discrimination in housing, jobs and schooling, once endemic, has all but disappeared. State-sponsored anti-Semitism, long a defining fact of European life, is virtually unknown here. Hostility toward Jews, measured in public opinion polls, has been declining steadily for two generations. Events that seemed sure to provoke broad anti-Semitism, from the Arab oil boycott to the arrests of Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard and Wall Street cheat Ivan Boesky, came and went without a blip.

Only one common measure of anti-Semitism has gone up of late: "anti-Semitic incidents." This includes not only graffiti but increasingly arson and assault as well. (Even this indicator declined last year—for the first time in a decade—dipping 8 percent according to ADL figures.) Still, it's not a key test to most experts. The ADL's 1991 total of 1,879 incidents, the all-time high, amounted to just five a day—mostly epithets hurled and swastikas daubed—in a nation of 250 million people.

This is not to say that anti-Semitism has disappeared. David Duke and Louis Farrakhan have become household names. Anti-Semitic tracts such as *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* are being peddled nationwide by neo-Nazis and black separatists. And the 1991 riot in Crown Heights, which left one Jew murdered because of his religion, cast a chill over Jews nationwide. "Among those people who have bigoted attitudes, there's a greater tendency to act out," says Jerome Chanes of the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council, which convenes the interagency Jewish task force on anti-Semitism. "For whatever reason, the taboos are breaking down."

But whatever the facts, Jewish anxiety is rising off the meter. The percentage of Jews who tell pollsters that anti-Semitism is "a serious problem in America today" has skyrocketed, from 45 percent in 1983 to nearly 85 percent in 1990. "It seems Jewish anxiety is well ahead of what's really out there," says David Singer, research director of the American Jewish Committee.

What explains this national anxiety? Some observers suggest a sort of post-Holocaust stress syndrome that makes the Nazi horror loom ever larger in memory as it fades into history. Some say the media are more sensitive to anti-Semitism when it arises. Jewish agencies may cooperate, consciously or not, in what amounts to hype.

The American Jewish Committee made the news last October when it released its Roper poll showing that 47 percent of New Yorkers—including 63 percent of black New Yorkers—believe Jews have "too much influence." The ADL received even broader coverage a month later with its national poll, which called 20 percent of Americans (and 37 percent of blacks) anti-Semitic.

But few readers saw the poll's full findings, which showed long-term declines in anti-Semitic views. The ADL's latest 20 percent figure, for example, actually represented a one-third drop from 1964, when 29 percent of those polled were counted as anti-Semitic. The drop was consistent for blacks and whites alike.

Twenty percent—50 million—still seems like a lot. Put into context, however, it seems like a lot less. One 1991 study of prejudice, conducted by the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, found that Jews rank somewhere in the middle of Americans' esteem, below Protestants, Swedes and Japanese but well ahead of Mormons, blacks, Filipinos and Poles. Jews even fared better than Wisians, a fictional group that researchers tossed in to test free-floating orneriness. Wisians ranked near the bottom of the fifty-eight groups offered, between Koreans and Arabs.

What's more, someone who says Jews are "too powerful" is not necessarily anti-Semitic. American Jews *are* powerful. Over the last quarter-century, bodies such as the ADL and the two AJCs (Committee and Congress), together with the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, the pro-Israel lobby, have become a serious force in Washington. They push hard not just for aid to Israel but for a broad agenda ranging from abortion rights to church-state separation. Win or lose, their opponents often conclude they were "up against some powerful political forces," as George Bush once said.

But "too powerful"? That may be a judgment call. Jews make up 2.5 percent of the population and 10 percent of the Senate. Paradoxically, many Jews still think of themselves as members of a helpless out-group. As a result, honest disputes sound like assaults. And if calling a group of people "too powerful" is a statement of prejudice, then Jews are not free of prejudice, either. Take

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Rules—and Beyond Them

Many articles and books are written about how tenure or a particular union rule or regulation gets in the way of giving youngsters a good education. People find stories on this theme very satisfying, but when you look at the stories closely, they often turn out to be just plain wrong.

For years we've heard that tenure merely protects incompetence, and getting rid of it would be a major step toward improving U.S. schools. But people who talk about how destructive tenure is don't ask themselves why teachers in all the other industrial democracies—Germany, France, Sweden, Japan—where students do much better than ours, have job protection that is stronger than our tenure system. They also fail to ask whether schools in the states where there is no tenure (or collective bargaining)—Texas and Mississippi, for example—are better than schools in New York or Connecticut, where teachers are protected by both. And they don't ask why students in private and parochial schools, where there is no tenure, achieve no better than kids in public schools.

Recently, there was a story about how a union rule was about to devastate a class of elementary school children by taking their beloved teacher away from them in the middle of the year (*New York Times*, January 19, 1993). The headline read, "A Hard Lesson in Living with Seniority Rules." But the writer would have been closer to the truth if he had titled the story, "Children and Teachers Suffer When Principal and Superintendent Break Rules." What happened?

As long as schools are organized like factories, with the principal as boss, teachers will negotiate rules that protect them by limiting the principal's power.

New York City principals set the requirements for certain special jobs in their schools. But if several people meet their qualifications, a job has to go to the applicant with the most seniority.

Before the union negotiated this rule, who got one of these jobs was a matter of the principal's judgment. Sometimes it was good and sometimes bad—like anybody else's. However, there were plenty of cases where a principal turned down a teacher who was very well qualified but happened to disagree with him—or when the job got awarded to one of the principal's friends.

What happened in the recent New York City case was that two applicants met the qualifications established by the principal, but the principal and the district superintendent decided to violate the contract and give the job to the less senior applicant. So in September, each of the teachers was assigned to the class that the other one should have gotten. The senior teacher filed a grievance.

When the *Times* picked up the story, the chancellor had vindicated the senior teacher—as the principal and district superintendent had known he would from the beginning—but the school year was half over. The students and their parents were distraught at the idea of losing teachers with whom the kids had developed very close rapport, and the union was being cast as the culprit. The story does not point out that the principal and the superintendent knew what the rule was when they made their decision and that they were willing to use the kids in a struggle to show who was boss. The children could have been hurt, but the chancellor and the union resolved the problem to everybody's satisfaction.

Union contract rules don't always result in the best person's getting the job, but giving the principal absolute power doesn't either.

As long as schools are organized like factories, with the principal as boss, teachers will negotiate rules that protect them by limiting the principal's power. The way out of this situation is not to return to giving principals absolute power but to move away from the factory model of schooling.

This is what happened several years ago in Rochester. There was a struggle between the teachers' union and the board of education over an issue similar to the one in New York City. According to the contract, teachers with the greatest seniority had the right to transfer to vacant positions in other schools. The board argued, however, that the senior teacher is not always the one best fitted to do the job in a particular school and that the principal should make the decision. The union countered that principals couldn't be trusted because they often decided on the basis of school politics and favoritism.

The dispute was resolved when both sides abandoned their positions and agreed to the establishment of committees in each school made up of teachers and the principal. A committee's job would be to assess the needs of its school and, in the event of applications for a transfer, decide which teacher best met these needs. Having a committee make decisions based on a school's needs is clearly superior to a mechanical union rule or the absolute rule of the principal.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1993 by Albert Shanker.

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the AJC poll that showed that 63 percent of black New Yorkers think Jews have "too much influence." It also found that 23 percent of Jews—more than any other group—believe blacks have too much influence. That detail never made it into the papers.

For years, the organized Jewish community has taken the position that you can't be too vigilant. Expose anti-Semites and they will fade away; leave them be and they will fester in the dark. "If I'm going to err, it's going to be on the side of caution," says ADL's national director, Abraham Foxman. "This is not an exact science. I'm sorry if I have offended some in the black or white community by being too quick to yell. The last time Jews didn't, they paid a very heavy price."

Nowadays there's an opposite danger: that too much vigilance will lead to isolation. Before World War II, anti-Semitism was defined as wanting to harm Jews. In the post-war era, it was broadened to include prejudice that might lead one to wish Jews harm. More recently, it's come to mean any stereotype—or disagreement—with the Jewish community. The very term has become a weapon. Overused, it can breed the resentment it is meant to expose.

The ADL's recent poll of anti-Semitic attitudes found for the first time that some respondents regarded the stereotypes being tested—especially the idea that Jews "stick together more than most Americans"—as *positive* traits. Blacks in particular told pollsters they admired Jews for helping their own.

The finding caused an uproar among the ADL staff and delayed the poll's release for months. Some staffers argued that the poll should have been reconfigured. Others insisted "anti-Semitism is anti-Semitism," regardless of intentions. In the end they compromised, raising the poll's threshold for "most anti-Semitic" to six "yes" answers from five, the cutoff in the 1964 and 1981 polls. Some unknown number of the "50 million anti-Semites" in the poll are just folks who hold no animus against Jews.

In private, some Jewish agency staffers insist the alarmist tone set by a few national Jewish agencies, mainly for fund-raising purposes, is a key cause of Jewish anxiety. Fingers point most often at the ADL and the Los Angeles-based Simon Wiesenthal Center, both of which specialize in mass mailings warning of impending doom and urging donations. "People don't give if you tell them everything's O.K.," says a cynical staffer at one of the smaller agencies. People give generously to the Wiesenthal Center and the ADL.

Of course, the tactics of a few bureaucrats in New York or Los Angeles hardly explain the nationwide fear gripping American Jews, many of whom are barely aware of the ADL's existence. More likely, the masses are driving the leadership. Maybe it's time for the leadership to start leading, and tell their public the truth.

J.J. GOLDBERG is New York correspondent of *The Jerusalem Report.*

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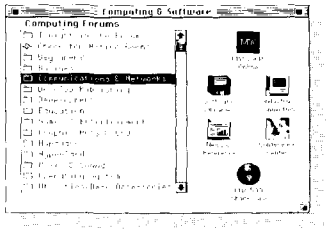

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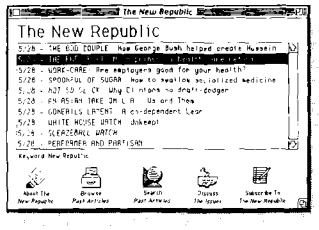

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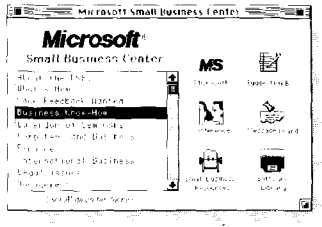

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In defense of spiritual strangeness.

THE TRUE FIRE

By Leon Wieseltier

We know the authentic effects of the true fire through every one of its million disguises.—Emerson

The downer's work is never done. The liberal imagination turns out to be, after Waco again, a recoiling mechanism. It always returns to itself, and to its confusion of prescription with description. Pressured by circumstances or ideas, it will linger over what it opposes, but it will not linger long. It was successfully pressured to consider the reality of evil; but the evil of reality is a greater challenge. The spectacular horrors, the grand and gross refutations of the rationality of the world, are difficult to dodge, but not the unspectacular horrors. They are longer, quieter, smaller, nearer, the common injustices and the ordinary dejections that take the joy, and then the reason, out of a mass of lives; they seem less like a crisis and more like a problem, and so seem to demand less philosophy and more social science; they are varieties of unhappiness, and so they are relative; they may be smoothly integrated into an improving world as the measure of what remains to be done. They are merely strange. But there is nothing mere about strangeness. It is not the exception to the rule; it is the other rule.

A place called Ranch Apocalypse could not have been expected to enjoy much of a claim on the liberal imagination, or on that variation of it, that mixture of managerialism and emotionalism, which now inhabits the White House. The people who followed the deranged man who called himself David Koresh—a preposterous name, half a Jewish king, half a Persian king—into the gray scrub of eastern Texas were, it is easy to say, losers; and of course they were losers. But they were not the kind of losers that liberals love. They, the Branch Davidians, described their position in the world too weirdly, in a way that put them beyond the reach of politics; and the balm in Gilead is not a government program.

They could not be engaged in their own terms, which were not, and must never be, the terms of a liberal order. Thus the saga in Waco was characterized, from first to last, by an irreconcilability of meanings. One side experienced the siege secularly, the other side religiously. Both sides treated the other as if they lived in the same universe: the Feds treated the believers as criminals, for they could be nothing else, and the believers treated the Feds as the forces of Satan, for they could be nothing else. For fifty-one days, the misunderstanding was darkly comic. Then the comedy ended. And its ending only confirmed each side in its analysis, except that one side also died.

Who, exactly, were the Davidians bothering? The administration says that they were hoarding guns. How un-American; and how un-Texan. May we expect the administration to lay siege now to the National Rifle Association? The Davidians were also said to be abusing children. A graver charge, but not a charge that sends federal agents blasting "Nancy Sinatra, Tibetan chants, the sound of squealing rabbits" (in the words of *The New York Times*) and then crashing into the domiciles of all the other miscreants in this child-abusing country.

It is also said that the Davidians were incapable of helping themselves, that they had surrendered their wills and allowed their minds to be controlled by their leader. I do not doubt that the Davidians were terrifically under Koresh's influence. But one man's control is another man's obedience; and there are many kinds of control and many kinds of obedience. Charismatic authority has hardly disappeared from American life. Indeed, American popular culture would be inconceivable without it; and from the standpoint of the critical mind, the distinctions between star worship and "motivational technologies" and religious sectarianism and electronic town meetings disappear before the repudiation of selfhood that they all share. It is one of the unappetizing paradoxes of American society that it is composed of individualists in search of charisma. Koresh appears to have fascinated his followers with his memory of Scripture, which he could recite for hours, until there was rapture. This was one of the unlovely consequences of the Bibliolatry of Protestant fundamentalism; but more to the point, it was an American gimmick among American gimmicks, and Koresh captured only a small number of the perplexed with it.

I do not mean to make Koresh into anything admirable, or untroubling. Though he did not set the fire, if he set the fire, until he was attacked, he was responsible for the keenness for fire, and so complici-

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tous in the deaths of his followers. Koresh was a disgrace to the great tradition of eschatological activism: taking all the women and writing "melodic rock songs" was not exactly what John of Patmos had in mind. (It is worth recalling, though, that the Book of Revelation begins in fine sectarian fashion, with a settling of scores with the congregations of Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia and Laodicea. The end of days has always had a way of shrinking the heart.) Judging by his soliloquies on radio and television, Koresh had a coarse and confused mind, which was lit only by an overwhelming sensation of certainty. Still, popular religion is almost always vulgar religion, and most religion is popular religion. It is grimly amusing, moreover, to hear Christian friends insist that the man was mad because he thought he was the Messiah. I do not mean, obviously, to compare the man whom Koresh was with the man whom Koresh thought he was. But I do prefer the distaste for messianism to the making of distinctions among Messiahs. I know that it is stiff-necked; but it is also safer, and philosophically more consistent.

It is not Koresh that deserves to be defended, but the possibility of Koresh. The failure to understand the Branch Davidians was not just a tactical failure, which issued in an attack on people who were metaphysically gratified to be physically attacked, and not just a human failure, which issued in the astonishing inability of the president to utter a syllable of sorrow. (The president's absence the morning after was less surprising; Clinton *absconditus* has become a familiar figure in circumstances that are beyond the reach of suavity.) The response of the American government to the catastrophe in Waco represents a misunderstanding of spiritual life, and American spirituality, and alienation in America.

If you are eager for the kernel, you must tolerate the husks. Spirituality is not always the same thing as religion; and there are times when religion is a bulwark against spirituality. The monotheistic faiths are famously based on a revelation, but it would be more accurate to say that they are based on a revelation that is over, and it was against the renewal of revelation that their establishments were organized. The belief in the contemporaneity of revelation, or in any form of access to the godhead so direct that it may dispense with the mediations of inherited institutions and inherited ideas, has always been one of the great nightmares of the synagogue, the church and the mosque. All, of course, have demanded that the soul be wakeful, but limits were set to the wakefulness of the soul, and directions were mandated. There were eruptions of the wakefulness that would not take direction, but those eruptions were either contained and called sects, or they were expelled and called heresies.

Yet religious people, if they are interested in experience, and not merely in tradition, must harbor a secret and slightly guilty love of those eruptions. They are signs of life, which is not to say that they are not brutal. But they are not always dangerous. It is important to distinguish between the riot of one soul and the riot of many souls. The theurgic activity of an individual may exalt or crush him or her, but it poses no threat to others. Collective theurgy, however, is another matter. The social experience of ecstasy has often resulted in destruction, not least because destruction has been often promoted into an occasion for ecstasy. For this reason, traditional religion's suspicion of millenarianism is sounder than its suspicion of mysticism, which has no necessary relationship to history. Spiritual life is not all historical, or political, or communal. (Apocalypse was once the Greek word for revelation, and nothing more.)

And yet millenarianism, even as it must be resisted, must also be recognized as one of the risks of spiritual wakefulness. You cannot defend spiritual life without also defending its volatility. It is, dare I say after Waco, essentially combustible. It requires visions; and some of the visions will be stranger than others, and all of them will be strange. To those for whom they do not seem true, they will seem ridiculous. They will be easily degraded and abused. They will present an opening for the appetite for power, large or small. But these visions are primary human products, even if they can be grasped only by a few; and their strangeness cannot be counted as a stroke against them. Obviously one makes choices among the obscurities, and finds something where others find nothing. One prefers Swedenborg and Steiner to Hal Lindsey and David Koresh. But one also sees in the latter a debased form of what animated the former. There is nothing high that cannot be brought low.

Especially in America. The religious prolixity of the United States is one of the most fundamental facts about it. In this country that refused an established church, churches are ceaselessly established. Shakers, Mormons, Seventh-Day Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian Scientists, Southern Baptists, all manner of revivalists and enthusiasts and fundamentalists, and the prophet Emerson: this country may be called, as a great philosopher was once called, God-intoxicated. In 1989 a Gallup Poll reported that 88 percent of all Americans believe that God loves them, that 90 percent pray to God, that 94 percent believe in God. And these beliefs are not all serenely withheld from the public sphere. This is one of the appetizing American paradoxes, that the most anti-eschatological political system in the modern world was devised for the most eschatologically inclined society in the modern world. When the Framers banished redemption from the ends of politics, they were attempting to secure America against one of its most lasting temptations.

The reasons are not far to seek. From its earliest beginnings, this country was considered by those who settled it to be itself an eschaton. The story began in Massachusetts and it did not end in Texas. Increase Mather was one of the inventors of the identification of America with the New Jerusalem, and read the

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Book of Revelation as an allegory of the developments in the New World ("there will a time come when the gift of interpreting prophetic scripture shall be wonderfully revived in the church, that the Book of Revelation shall be interpreted and understood as clearly, almost, as if John himself were here to preach of these things"); and his son Cotton Mather, who wrote a work called *The Pouring Out of the Seven Vials*, declared in 1702 that "I write the *wonders* of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION, flying from the Deprivations of *Europe*, to the *American Strand*." This millennial interpretation of American experience flourished in the hands of Jonathan Edwards, who believed that he was living in the age, and the place, of the Sixth Vial. "Many things make it probable," he wrote in 1742, "that this work will begin in America." And so on and so on. But the most confounding illustration of the apocalyptic attitude to America—confounding, that is, for the tinny secularism that is confident it understands what happened in Texas and so may proceed to brunch—is the extraordinary sermon that Samuel Sherwood, the pastor of a small church in Connecticut, preached in January, 1776, on *The Church's Flight into the Wilderness*.

> Since these prophecies and predictions [of the Book of Revelation], relating to the trials and sufferings, the wars and conflicts of the church with her anti-Christian enemies and adversaries, may be justly taken in such a large, extensive sense and latitude; we may rationally conclude that many of them have reference to the state of Christ's church, in this American quarter of the globe, and will sooner or later, have their fulfillment and accomplishment among us. The providences of God in first planting his church in this, then howling wilderness, and in delivering of it and preserving of it to this day, are in a manner unequaled, and marvelous; and are reckoned among the most glorious events that are to be found in history, in these latter ages of the world.... This American quarter seems to be reserved in providence, as a fixed and settled habitation for God's church, where she might have property of her own, and the right of rule and government, so as not to be controul'd and oppress'd in her civil and religious liberties, by the tyrannical and persecuting powers of the earth, represented by the great red dragon [of Revelation, 12].

Sherwood's libertarian reading of the bizarre text is obviously more uplifting than Koresh's authoritarian reading of the bizarre text, but it is not obviously more correct; and what they have in common is the bizarre text itself, and so they are joined, however uneasily, in a common enterprise. It would be more prudent politically and more scrupulous intellectually, for believers no less than for unbelievers, to dissociate the seven seals and the seven vials from America entirely. But those who say that they are religious people, and there are liberals among them, and government officials, should finally understand that they are not living entirely on this side of unreason, and should stop behaving like tender plants every time religious people behave extremely religiously. The elected should show a better grasp of the elect. Extremism is a likely result of the feeling of election, and of the exclusiveness of the truth.

America was new, America was virgin, America was promised. An imperfect place that is not expiring of history is a perfect place to contemplate the end of time. Here it seems plausible. But there is another aspect of America that makes millenarianism plausible, and that is its power to terrify. Can there be any doubt that the men and the women of Ranch Apocalypse were wounded by, and afraid of, the world? Is it really so difficult to see how easy it is to get lost and lonely in America, to feel sapped of significance by its scale and its speed, and unhoused, and diminished by its indifference? Must it really be said again that many of its citizens do not experience this country as a land of opportunity? In a state this huge and frantic, in a society this byzantine and technological, the self is no longer secure, and no longer the certain master of its situations; and it is inevitable that there will be individuals who will wish to withdraw.

They have the right to withdraw, and they have the reason. Withdrawal from the world, moreover, is an old and respectable reaction to it. Alienation is one of the soul's great instruments. (It is amusing, again, to hear Christian friends puzzle over this Texan simulacrum of the desert.) Those who rule, of course, must be worldly people; when they hate the world, others suffer. But it is not asking too much, I think, to ask of those who are happily engaged with the world, and think that they can better it, that they acknowledge the existence in their midst of those who are unhappily disengaged from the world, and think that the world can be bettered by its end. Despair is not a common emotion in eliteland, which is where most of our politicians and journalists live; but elsewhere it is common as weeds.

The separation of church from state in America was designed more for the welfare of the church and less for the welfare of the state. But the church, of course, is not a church; it is all the churches, and all the churches splitting from churches, and all the sects, and all the symbols and words and rituals and plans and sentiments of all the sects. These are, all of them, the expressions of a hunger that does not deserve to be mocked. It should not be besieged because it will not be moved. In Waco souls burned, and then bodies. The really terrible moment must have come when the men and the women in the fire realized that it was not the world that was ending, it was only their world that was ending. The joke on millenarians, God's great prank, is that nobody has the power to end the world. The durability of the world, and its insensibility to our fate, is even greater than they fear. "All loss, all pain, is particular," wrote Emerson, in the essay from which I have taken my epigraph, and the Davidians' epitaph, "the universe remains to the heart unhurt." This the poor, inflamed souls in Waco could not see. It was not the job of the government to make them see. •

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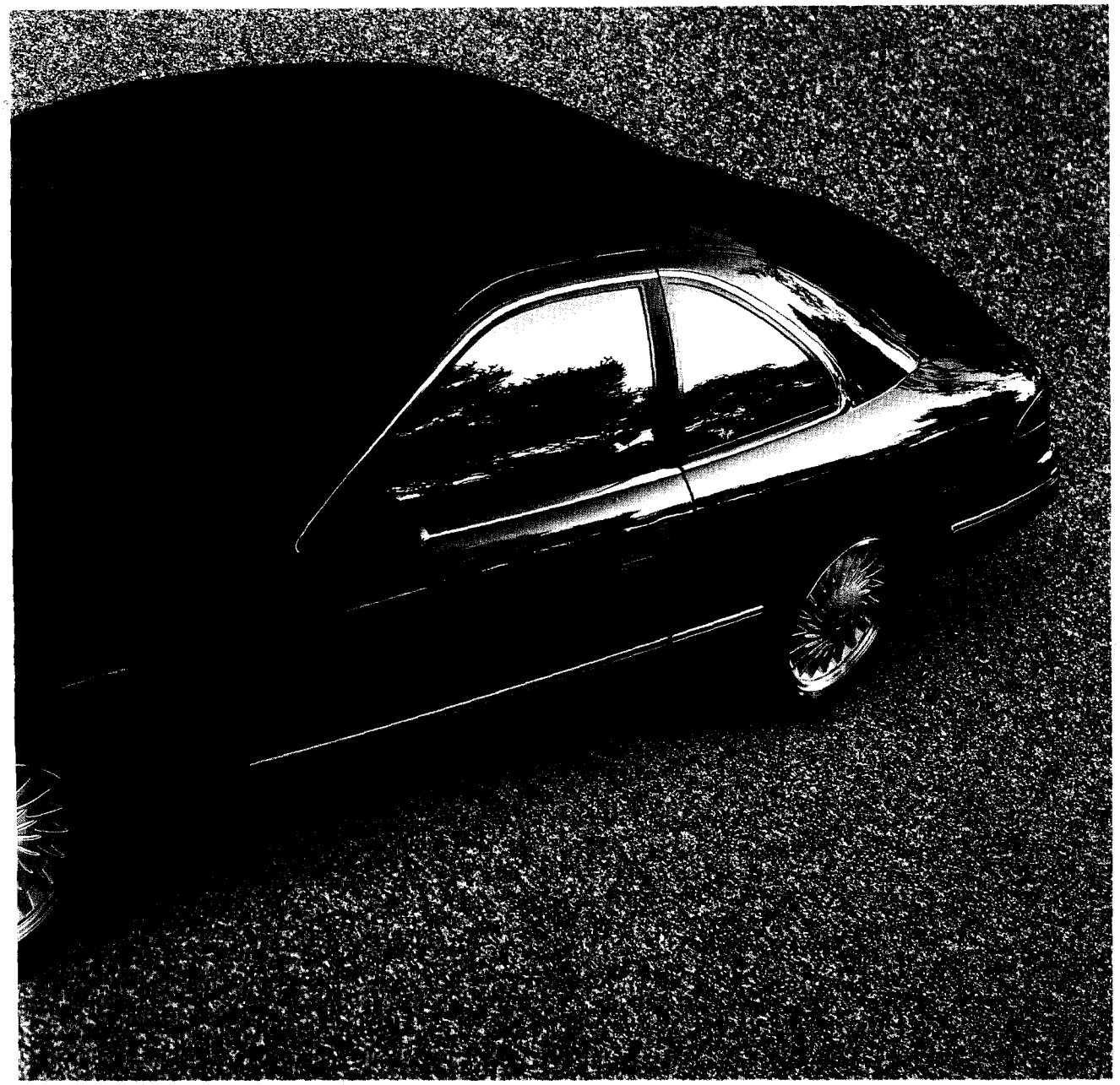

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The American roots of the Branch Davidians.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE END OF TIME

By Paul Boyer

> The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.—II Peter 3:10

In the end, of course, it wasn't the heavens and the earth that passed away, but only a pitiful group of human beings and a few stark wooden structures, but David Koresh on April 19 achieved the Armageddon his reading of Bible prophecy had convinced him lay ahead. Mount Carmel smolders in ruin; the Branch Davidian flag no longer flies. The FBI dutifully acted its assigned role in Koresh's script, becoming the catalyst for the divinely ordained Götterdämmerung that Koresh had long foretold.

As I watched the event unfold, my first thought was of something that happened more than 450 years ago. Early in 1534 radical German Protestants gripped by apocalyptic zeal gained control of the Westphalian city of Münster and proclaimed the New Jerusalem. Soon the Münster visionaries fell under the leadership of Jan Bockelson ("John of Leyden"), a charismatic, theologically obsessed and monomaniacal young tailor who, like David Koresh, anointed himself Messiah, imposed his absolute rule with the aid of a cadre of loyal lieutenants and demanded free sexual access to his female followers. (Women who resisted were executed.)

As in Waco, the denouement proved catastrophic. An alliance of alarmed regional princes and the local Catholic bishop raised an army that clamped a tight siege on Münster, bringing on mass starvation and driving Bockelson to ever more brutal excesses. In September 1535, under a promise of safe conduct, the emaciated survivors stumbled from the city, only to face mass slaughter by the besieging forces. Now celebrities, Bockelson and two top aides were paraded around in chains in nearby cities. After torture with red-hot irons, which they endured in stoic silence, the three eventually died. Their corpses, lofted in cages to the top of Münster's church tower, soon fell victim to the ravages of the weather and scavenging birds, but the cages remain to this day, a notable Westphalian tourist attraction.

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The apocalyptic expectations of the Münster cultists arose at a moment when the purifying zeal of German Anabaptists was pushing the Reformation in radical anti-establishment and anti-hierarchical directions that Luther and many others found intensely threatening. Bockelson and his followers heaped scorn on the secular and religious establishments of their day, and saw Münster as the birthplace of Christ's new world order foretold in the final chapter of the Book of Revelation.

In a similar way, Koresh was also a creature of his time and place, an archetypal anti-establishment figure of the American present and past. As the 1992 election campaign made clear, disgust with established structures runs deep, along with a large amount of free-floating apprehension. Public intellectuals' rejection of (even disdain for) spiritual analysis has opened the door for free-lance expositors who find meaning in the symbolic language of the apocalyptic Scriptures. All this, coupled with the high level of religious belief in America and the imminence of the year 2000, places Koresh in a radically different context: as much an archetype of contemporary America as a weird exception. Elements of his belief system appear in large parts of American Christianity today and can be traced far back in American history. In his cultic methods, he is the latest in a long line of American spiritual pioneers. Many of his practices, of course, and his violent tendencies mark him out for opprobrium. But his alienation and core doctrines are shared by millions of Americans, perhaps even a majority.

One of Koresh's key texts was from the Second Psalm, with its opening phrases familiar from Handel's *Messiah*:

> Why do the nations rage, and the people plot a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed....

Koresh, of course, identified *himself* as the Lord's anointed and saw the standoff at Waco as the literal fulfillment of an intensifying campaign by demonic earthly rulers to destroy the righteous remnant. While few prophecy expounders proclaim themselves to be God, or stockpile AK-47s, the general contours of Koresh's beliefs were neither unique nor particularly unusual. His rambling hour-long sermon broadcast early in the siege (as part of a deal he struck with the negotiators)

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was in important respects indistinguishable in tone and content from the presentations of other apocalyptic preachers who now crowd the airwaves. From Michigan comes the durable Jack Van Impe, known as the "Walking Bible"; from Tulsa, Oral Roberts. Charles Taylor's "Today in Bible Prophecy" radio show based in Huntington Beach, California, airs on more than twenty stations nationwide and globally via the Spacenet, SATCOM and Galaxy communications satellites. David Webber's "Southwest Radio Church" of Oklahoma City is heard five days a week on 130 stations. Pat Robertson's Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN), which fully believes in the apocalyptic Scriptures, serves some 3,000 cable T.V. systems. Another fundamentalist outlet, Trinity Broadcasting Network (TBN), brings prophecy-oriented shows to homes across the nation. In Houston Hilton Sutton maintains a twenty-four-hour prophecy hotline for late-breaking developments.

Millions of Americans, while hardly embracing or even understanding Koresh's specific interpretations, share his intense interest in the apocalyptic texts. In a 1983 Gallup poll, 62 percent of the respondents expressed "no doubt" that Jesus Christ will return to earth again. Other polls show that about 40 percent of the citizenry believe the Bible is "the actual word of God . . . to be taken literally word for word," including, of course, the prophetic parts. The creeds of nearly *all* Christian churches, of course, proclaim the eventual return of Jesus Christ to judge the living and the dead. But those stressing these themes are the ones experiencing the greatest growth. The Assemblies of God Church, with some 2.2 million members, grew by 121 percent from 1965 to 1989. The thriving Seventh-Day Adventist Church, a bastion of prophecy teaching, expanded by 92 percent in the 1965-1989 period, and now has more than 700,000 members in America alone, and many more worldwide. The Jehovah's Witnesses, who peddle their distinctive brand of prophecy teaching door-to-door, boast some 860,000 adherents in the United States.

DAVID KORESH BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Prophecy paperbacks are among the highest-selling books in the country. Salem Kirban's 1968 prophecy work *Guide to Survival* went through sixteen editions by 1988, selling half a million copies. When I interviewed the dean of American prophecy writers, John Walvoord of Dallas Theological Seminary, in 1989, he told me that his timely 1974 paperback *Armageddon, Oil, and the Middle East Crisis* had sold 750,000 copies. An update published during the Persian Gulf crisis racked up similarly spectacular sales. While Chick Publications of Chico, California, produces comic books that purvey the end-time message, other eschatological entrepreneurs such as the Bible Believers' Evangelistic Association of Sherman, Texas, offer complex prophecy charts, end-time wristwatches with "One Hour Nearer the Lord's Return" inscribed around the face and place mats with paintings of the Rapture. Nor is this phenomenon confined to some mythic southern "Bible Belt." My own city, Madison, Wisconsin, has more than fifty churches that espouse some form of prophecy belief. The charismatic Lake City Church, for example, which embraces premillennialism, is growing by leaps and bounds, currently reporting 1,000 members.

The Branch Davidians' specific roots lie in the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, and it was among Adventists that they enjoyed their greatest recruitment success. Since the Adventists' emergence from the Millerite movement of the 1840s and their revitalization by the religious visionary Ellen G. White and others, they have been intensely preoccupied with eschatology. Their popular literature abounds with graphic illustrations of King Nebuchadnezzar's Dream, the Whore of Babylon, the Beast from the Sea and other memorable images that have made apocalyptic Scripture so protean an influence in Western religious and cultural history. As a proselytizing device, Adventist ministers conduct heavily promoted "prophecy seminars" in motel conference rooms, complete with study guides, examinations and certificates of achievement at the end.

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More broadly, Koresh and many other contemporary prophecy expositors have been influenced by the so-called dispensational-premillennial interpretive system that emerged in mid-nineteenth-century Anglo-American evangelicalism. Marshaling a small army of biblical proof texts from the books of Daniel, Ezekiel, Revelation and elsewhere, premillennialists teach that wickedness will increase as the end approaches, culminating in the Great Tribulation (Matthew 24:21-22), a seven-year period of cataclysmic struggle between the forces of evil and the forces of righteousness. The former will be controlled by the Antichrist (also called "the Beast" in the Book of Revelation), who will persecute God's true believers as he enforces his global military and economic dictatorship. To further complicate an already complex system, many premillennialists, citing I Thessalonians 4:16-17, also hold that before the Antichrist's rise, all true Christians will be taken from the earth in the Rapture, so that the victims of the Antichrist's persecution will be "Tribulation saints" who missed the Rapture but who will convert to Christ as the Tribulation unfolds. The "signs of the times" proving the imminence of these events, the popularizers claim, include such diverse phenomena as the formation of the nation of Israel in 1948, Israel's recapture of the Old City of Jerusalem in 1967, the creation of the European Common Market, the emergence of a computerized world economic order and the deterioration of the global environment. As the Antichrist's persecutions reach a crescendo of ferocity (including the slaughter of two-thirds of all Jews, said to be foretold in Zechariah 13:8), Jesus Christ will return with his saints to the ancient battlefield of Megiddo near Haifa. Here, at the Battle of Armageddon (literally "the hill of Megiddo"), the heavenly hosts will vanquish the Antichrist's armies, clearing the way for the Millennium, Christ's thousand-year earthly reign.

These or related beliefs, though strange to secular elites, go far back in American religious history. They show that Koresh is not just archetypal of much American belief today, but is also rooted in some of the oldest strains in American religious life. The New England Puritans, sharing the eschatological fervor of their co-religionists across the Atlantic, produced a rich body of last-days speculation. Much of this writing, analogous in some respects to the Branch Davidians' Americanization of prophecy, focused on the New World as an arena of end-time fulfillment. Massachusetts political leader Samuel Sewell in 1697 echoed Increase Mather's conviction that America might be "the seat of the Divine Metropolis" in the Millennium. Increase Mather's son Cotton, a one-man prophecy industry, often expounded eschatological themes in his sermons at Boston's First Church, devoted many pages to the last days in his unpublished Bible commentary and regularly took up the subject in his diary.

The Great Awakening of the 1740s produced more speculation that the Millennium would begin in America. The revivalist and theologian Jonathan Edwards started keeping "Notes on the Apocalypse" at the age of 20, and in a 1739 sermon published posthumously as *A History of the Work of Redemption* offered reflections on the prophecies. The year 2000, Edwards privately speculated, might well bring the Millennium. The antebellum era saw another boom in prophetic interest, including not only the Millerite movement but also an 1859 sermon by the Reverend Fountain Pitts of Tennessee, delivered in the U.S. Capitol at the invitation of "several members of Congress." Before a large crowd of legislators and others, the patriotic Pitts offered an elaborate interpretation that found July 4, 1776, foretold in the Book of Daniel.

Another of Koresh's spirited ancestors in the field of prophecy interpretation was John Nelson Darby, the systematizer of the dispensational-premillennial system. The leader of a British dissenting sect, the Plymouth Brethren, Darby made many trips to the United States from 1859 onward. Chief among the American expositors of Darby's system was the vastly influential Cyrus Scofield. Scofield's turbulent early life included Civil War service in the Confederate army, involvement in postwar Kansas Republican politics, allegations of stealing campaign contributions made to a Kansas senator and a jail term in St. Louis on forgery charges. He was converted in prison under the influence of the Reverend James Brookes, a prominent St. Louis Darbyite. In 1909, with no formal theological training, Scofield wrote his *Reference Bible*, through which is woven the premillennialist scheme. Published by Oxford University Press and revised in 1967, the *Scofield Reference Bible* remains in print today, having sold as many as 12 million copies, according to estimates by Oxford's Bible editor.

Unlike other commentators, Scofield published his notes on the same page as the Bible text, so that readers often had trouble recalling whether they had encountered a particular thought in the sacred writ itself or in Scofield's exposition. In discussing the thirty-eighth chapter of Ezekiel, for example, Scofield lent his authority to a long-standing interpretive tradition that found the destruction of Russia foretold in the dire fate pronounced on various obscure northern kingdoms. Unsurprisingly, this reading enjoyed great popularity during the cold war, as scores of interpreters confidently described the Soviet Union's prophesied invasion of Israel and the bloodbath that would result. *The Coming Peace in the Middle East* written by Tim LaHaye in 1984, for example, described a peace built on mountains of Soviet corpses.

Scofield's most direct contemporary heir is Hal Lindsey, whose premillennial popularization *The Late Great Planet Earth* (1970) ranks as *the* nonfiction best seller of the 1970s; the book has sold upwards of 20 million copies in various editions and many translations. Lindsey was a Mississippi River tugboat operator when he found God and became an open-air campus preacher at UCLA and other colleges around southern California.

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His theological training consisted of brief attendance at Dallas Theological Seminary, the premillennialists' Harvard, where envious fellow students would later grumble that he simply jazzed up his course notes and published the resulting apocalyptic scenario as his own.

Offering a pastiche of prophecy themes, Lindsey in *The Late Great Planet Earth* and later books such as *Countdown to Armageddon* (1980) quoted Bible passages that he claimed foretold every major trend of recent world history. In *There's a New World Coming* (1973), for example, Lindsey cited prophecies in the Book of Revelation of scorching heat, a darkened sun and moon, bloody seas and horrible sores covering people's bodies as foretellings of global warming, environmental pollution and skin cancer caused by depletion of the ozone layer.

Though avoiding specific date-setting, Lindsey hinted in *The Late Great Planet Earth* that the Rapture might come in 1981. He derived this date from Jesus's chronicle of end-time events in Mark 13 that concludes: "[T]his generation shall not pass, till all these things be done." Lindsey, dating a biblical generation as forty years, beginning "this generation" with the foundation of modern Israel in 1948 and subtracting seven years for the Great Tribulation thus arrived at 1981. He quietly dropped this rash speculation from his post-1981 writings, just as all the books identifying Hitler, Mussolini or Stalin as the Antichrist now gather dust on the shelves. (Henry Kissinger, Mikhail Gorbachev, Saddam Hussein and Juan Carlos of Spain are the current favorites.)

Koresh's beliefs, however, are not the only aspects of his religion that have deep roots in American history. So too does his creation of a cult—and the public reaction to it. The phenomenon that rouses such consternation when it is revealed at Jonestown or Waco takes on greater ambiguity and complexity when placed on the broader canvas of American church history. The First Amendment's prohibition against an establishment of religion, rooted in the variegated and free-wheeling religious life of early America, not only separated religion from politics, but created the conditions for continued spiritual innovation and radicalism in the new nation. If the People's Temple and the Branch Davidians are products of America's uniquely *laissez-faire* religious culture, so, too, were John Woolman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jane Addams, Henry J. Cadbury, A.J. Muste, Dorothy Day and Martin Luther King Jr.

This history of centrifugal spiritual innovation always attracted ridicule that often masked fears of anarchy and disorder. The early Methodists were criticized as disruptive sectarians of dubious moral character. The Disciples of Christ (Campbellite) church, arising amid the fervor of frontier revivals, was caricatured as a collection of wild ranters and weeping enthusiasts. Not only the Seventh-Day Adventists but also Joseph Smith's Mormon followers, John Humphrey Noyes's Perfectionists, Ann Lee's Shakers and, later, Charles Taze Russell's Jehovah's Witnesses and Mary Baker Eddy's Christian Scientists were all denounced as dangerous radicals and a grave threat to orthodoxy and social order. Much of the same language that we now hear aimed at Koresh was aimed at what now rank as some of the most respected denominations in America.

Take the Mormons. The fast-growing Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, with nearly 4 million U.S. adherents and millions more in more than a hundred nations worldwide, reveres *The Book of Mormon*, allegedly discovered by Joseph Smith in 1827 inscribed on golden plates and buried near Palmyra, New York. This work describes the American aboriginals as a Lost Tribe of Israel and offers prophecies of the New Zion that will arise on American soil. Smith's more arcane teachings struck many of his contemporaries as hardly less bizarre than Koresh's ramblings seem today. Handsome and charismatic, he introduced polygamy among his followers and claimed for himself quasi-divine powers. He was murdered in a Carthage, Illinois, jail in 1844 by outraged citizens after his followers had burned down the offices of a critical newspaper. Under Brigham Young, the Mormon *cult* eventually found its Zion in the Salt Lake Valley of the Great Basin. In 1857 President James Buchanan, proclaiming them in "substantial rebellion," ordered the U.S. Army to besiege Salt Lake City. Yet the Mormon Church today stands as a pillar of establishment respectability, its mellifluous tabernacle choir the very embodiment of American piety and patriotism.

The Assemblies of God Church and other charismatic groups that have enjoyed phenomenal growth in recent years likewise trace their roots to nineteenth-century heterodox preachers such as the controversial Scotsman Alexander Dowie and Charles G. Parham, a renegade Methodist who denounced patriotism as "the embrace of the Molluck God." Intent on recapturing the fervor and purity of the early church, the pioneer pentecostalists emphasized divine healing, glossolalia (speaking in tongues) and prophecy belief. Like the Mormons, they too met scorn from the leaders of "mainstream" denominations.

In *The End of Ideology* (1960), Daniel Bell saw in the aftermath of twentieth-century horrors "an end to chiliastic hopes, to millenarianism, to apocalyptic thinking." But the visionary rhetoric that unites two such otherwise disparate figures as Ronald Reagan and Bill Clinton suggests that even in the realm of civil religion Bell's obituary for millenarianism was premature. (See "The Great Awakening" by John B. Judis, TNR, February 1, 1993.) What is more certain is that millions of premillennialists still embrace the utopian faith in its original biblical form. They proclaim a belief system as deep-rooted as any in American religious life, a belief system that has found a particularly fertile moment in the economic and spiritual insecurity of contemporary America. As one prophecy preacher put it, "You don't have to be a great theologian to figure this out. Or even a great mathematician. All you have to do is read the Scriptures and accept them for what they are." In the best American tradition, prophecy interpretation is theology of, by and for the people, a big tent open to one and all. Even the Branch Davidians. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

In Other Places

What do Idrissa Ouedraogo, Ousmane Sembène and Zhang Yimou have in common? Each is a highly gifted filmmaker who in his own country—Burkina Faso, Senegal and China respectively—deals with the culture that he knows. Each is aware that his films will be exported, but in an intrinsic sense, none of them makes films for export.

Yet each film by these directors is two films: one that his country will see and one that is seen abroad. This is of course true of French or Finnish or, to us, any other foreign films, but the wider the cultural-social differences between the country of origin and the United States, the more binary the film becomes. Each of the directors above may be amused or offended—he certainly can't be surprised—to realize that, after he has invested so much of art in a work, its first function elsewhere is as a superior travelogue.

Zhang's latest, **The Story of Qiu Ju** (Sony Classics), is a sharp case in point because it's his first contemporary picture to reach us. (*Ju Dou* and others were period pieces.) So social contrasts are more striking. *Qiu Ju* is based on a novel called *The Wan Family's Lawsuit*, a much more pertinent title, and is set in Shaanxi province during the winter. A sturdy young peasant woman, Qiu Ju, fights for justice. Her husband was kicked in the groin in a quarrel with the political chief of their village. His quest for justice falters, but Qiu Ju persists in carrying the complaint to higher and higher officials, finally to court.

This pursuit entails arduous travel, to towns, to a bustling modern city, all of which Qiu Ju, seven months pregnant at the start of the story, undertakes with her sister's help. At the end she and her husband get justice, somewhat more than they want.

Now whatever else this picture accomplishes—and the "else" isn't very much—it's a fascinating account of the lives and customs, the dailyness, of all the people in it. More: after our first visit to the chief's house or to the city, our return has the effect of a ballad, with cumulative verses about survival in a cold climate, troubles in traveling, finaglings of bureaucrats and stubborn courage. But without this ballad-documentary quality, would the film hold? If the film were set in, say, Arkansas, the exotic elements would be much thinner and the story might soon pall.

Yet Zhang was not counting on the strangeness of Shaanxi abroad, no matter how much this may help him with us. He is an artist. His talent, never remarkable in narrative or drama, is manifest in sheer cinema. He frames lovely pictures without self-consciousness. He edits succinctly. He states themes quietly: under the opening credits, crowds stream past us on a city street; then Qiu Ju and family emerge from that flood like flotsam snagged on the bank. Out of the billion-footed mass, says Zhang, here are a few individuals whose story we'll follow. We might have followed any of the others, whose story might be just as interesting.

Gong Li, always the leading woman in Zhang's films, plays Qiu Ju (all but two of the others in the cast are nonprofessionals), and once again she acts principally with her mind. Her attractive, blunt-cheeked face rarely changes expression; but through the pauses for thought and decision, and her quick actions after the pauses, she tells us what Qiu Ju has been feeling and thinking. And she does it with tenacity and humor.

After all, a kick in the groin—not, heaven knows, in itself but as a cause for legal action—has its funny side. (Near the beginning she tells her husband, "If we can't fix your plumbing, we're stuck with the single-child policy for good.") And before the film is half along, she has us chuckling at her terrier grip on the trouser-leg of Communist authority, more concerned about her husband's cause than he is.

It's obviously to the good that Zhang doesn't consider that he's making a documentary when he works, but, for us, it's also to the good that his film's fictional art brings documentary benefits along.

People sometimes ask what happened to the well-made Broadway comedy. The answer: it's on the screen. For a half-dozen decades or so, Broadway gleamed with industrial efficiency, producing well-turned amusements that sparkled with recognition gags and recognizable characters, with neatly spaced wisecracks and snappy endings. Hundreds of those comedies sojourned on Broadway before

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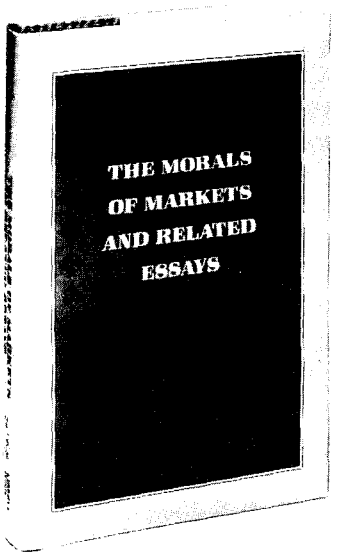

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they moved along to Hollywood. Nowadays, with Broadway sclerotic and risky, crafters of comparable pieces don't want to waste time or risk failure. They head straight for the screen.

From its title on, **The Night We Never Met** (Miramax) is the sort of piece that once thrived on Norman Krasna–F. Hugh Herbert's Broadway. The author-director, Warren Leight, may not know anything of those writers or their kin; still, he is their heir, carrying on the torch—well, the pinwheel—in the currently appropriate place.

Leight's screenplay is the perfect blend: a spice of novelty on a familiar dish. A blustering New York yuppie, Kevin Anderson, is going to be married but wants to keep his Village apartment for a couple of nights a week, for macho get-togethers with fellow sports fans or for dalliance. So he rents the apartment for two nights a week to a) a Long Island wife, Annabella Sciorra, who wants a place to work on her painting; and b) for another two nights a week to a deluxe-deli counterman, Matthew Broderick, who simply wants to spend some time away from his multiple roommates. Does this arrangement about the various nights lead to complications later on? Why else was it arranged in the first place?

Except for one disgusting gag about the Holocaust, Leight writes briskly and brightly. His actors are lucky. In the old days they might have had to repeat these lines eight times a week for two years; now it's just one time and they're away. Leight has exactly the right cast in the three mentioned above, and he directs in a style comparable to his smart writing. His actors are skilled in the intimate, itsy-bitsy, smaller-than-life gesture and inflection developed for film and T.V., much as a style of pop singing was developed for the hand-held mike.

Broadway isn't dead, just relocated. •

Mark Stevens on Art

Brushes with Art

The art world has become two worlds. The Whitney Biennial in New York and the Susan Rothenberg retrospective in Washington, the two most discussed shows of the moment, represent these worlds with unusual clarity. Rothenberg's world rests on a paintbrush. She finds what she needs in the traditions, the formal and iconographic potential, of her medium. The Biennial's world, by contrast, is founded on a modern conviction, namely that the artist has an emblematic importance in the moral, philosophical and (as in the Biennial) political struggles of his society.

The two worlds, of course, are not necessarily at odds. In many important modernists, the two seem equally present and inseparable: you cannot, in Goya, Courbet, Manet or Beckmann, make an easy distinction between the culture of painting and the painting of culture. Today an artist can still call upon both traditions; R.B. Kitaj, for example, appears equally devoted to each, although his painting also seems suffused with the difficulty of finding a space that can sustain both. But it is the hardening of the boundaries between the two worlds that now seems characteristic of our period. An artist may have a little of this or that, but you can generally recognize at a glance which world he or she belongs to.

If a Rothenberg painting were hung at the Biennial, it would look out of place. Her famous pictures of horses—*horses!* you can almost hear artists from the other world say—call upon the ancient spirits of painting, and she relishes without shame the physical character of the medium. The artists of the Biennial, as befits a world founded upon a conviction, are more abstract. If you brought some Biennial art to the Rothenberg show, it would seem like an ideological boombox in painting's cave. The artists of the Biennial bristle with views on racism and other forms of injustice. They hector their society with the aid of installations, video screens, sculpture, painting—even, in one instance, a plastic puddle of vomit. In almost every case, art serves as the pencil to the word.

Neither group takes much interest in the other. As a result, the criticism from each side tends to be obvious and nasty. Lovers of the world of painting deride the Biennial for being unlike most great painting, that is, for being politically correct and lacking in aesthetic merit. It's not *art*, they say. Artists from the other world (of which political art is just one expression) often dismiss painting qua painting as irrelevant to contemporary culture, as an elitist exercise in commodity-making for the rich—that is, as *just* art.

For a serious painter, to be sure, creating objects for wealthy patrons may sometimes be unpalatable—and appreciating painting admittedly requires talent, experience and time—but this has obviously not compromised the integrity or beauty of much great art of the past. Why should it do so today? To the Biennial artists, in turn, who include painters who don't care much about painting, "politically correct" is merely a smear from the right. They would instead call themselves "left-wing" or "progressive." They shrug off the charge of aesthetic failure, since the tradition in which they work, shaped by Dada and surrealism, permits an artist to turn his back on the "elitist" formal values of painting and sculpture.

Unfortunately, this stark division damages painting's morale. It pushes painting to one side. It makes painting seem insufficiently central. (The young artists at the Biennial, by contrast, appear blissfully certain that they are onto big stuff.) While many factors contribute to the demoralization of painting, the single most important may be that so few painters today instinctively think "I want to be a painter." Instead they think, "I want to be an artist." A painter will call himself an artist for reasons oddly reminiscent of the time when painting was looked down on as just another craft. "Artist" sounds grander, signaling an awareness of the emblematic importance and responsibility of the artist in society.

If it is important that you are an artist, not just a painter, it will be more difficult for you to summon the will to master the traditions of the medium. Your energy will be absorbed—and, as a painter, dissipated—in the beguiling charm of playing the part of the artist. Many of today's art historians and critics encourage this. They convey little or no respect for the living tradition of painting. For the duration of the Biennial, *none* of the Whitney's permanent collection is on display. It occurs to no one that it might be interesting, even necessary, to be able to go from the world of the Biennial to the world of, say, Hopper. When writers do address the great painting of the past, they now frequently "translate" it into the language of the Biennial—that is, they find its main interest not in the painting but in the social relations of the artist or the philosophical basis of the art.

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Those may be interesting topics, but they have the effect of making the painter feel like a creature of powers more important than painting. Nobody likes to think of himself as a creature of society. If the painter must accept such a fate, however, then he might as well demonstrate a certain insouciance by conveying the impression that he is a marvelously knowing and self-conscious creature. So he spends more and more time thinking and talking and making an art of thinking and talking. Or, if he insists upon the world of painting, privately fearing that it may lack consequence, he may compensate by becoming artistic. He may exaggerate scale and make work that is theatrical, aggressively old-fashioned, eccentric, precious, offbeat, snobbish, marginal, minor.

Whatever effect the Biennial's world has on painting, there is no reason why the conviction on which it rests cannot produce important work—whether or not that work is called art. (I sometimes think it would help if the word "art" were dropped altogether, in favor of painting and performance.) In any case, each world deserves to be judged independently. The Biennial fails less because it is ugly, politically correct or bad for painting than because it does not challenge or enliven its own tradition. It does not make interesting use of the emblematic importance of the artist. Rothenberg succeeds because she remains a painter in a period when painting is uncertain.

As up-to-the-minute as the Biennial appears—Rodney King is a subject—its origins go back to the late eighteenth and nineteenth century, when artists, having emerged from a craft tradition, began to develop an authority that was not wholly dependent on the making of art. A secular culture, uncertain of its moral and spiritual center, now deemed of particular consequence what "the artist" did, said and thought. The artist was a romantic figure offering an alternative way of life and being. Soon he became a lauded performer in the existential dramas of Western civilization. In his greatest role, that of a morally ambiguous figure on the margins of society, he might represent (depending on one's perspective) freedom or license, renewal or decline.

This passion for the figure of the artist—with the concomitant belief that he had something special to say to his culture—naturally led artists to speak out, using both art and their own behavior to confront a wide variety of socially explosive topics. It was Dada, however,

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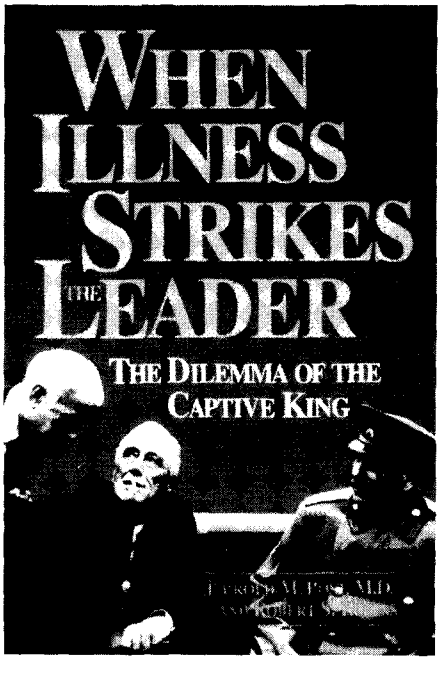

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that clarified the cultural role of the artist-performer, that, in effect, established a tradition with its own conventions. With Dada, the artist seems to "emerge" from art. He sheds most of the traditional constraints of craft—except, perhaps, the requirement to remain interesting—while retaining the cultural authority of art. If the figure of the artist himself was the primary focus, whatever he did might be important, was arguably "art."

Dada is often narrowly conceived as the preserve of the aesthetic jester, the playful and irreverent artist. But Dada also had a fierce political component, especially in Berlin. Dada's essential role was to free the artist to address any social topic, in whatever way he wished, without worrying too much about art. He could be a philosopher, a clown, a politico. While agitprop certainly existed in the nineteenth century, it was not until Dada that artists no longer felt constrained by the world of traditional art. The political artists of the Biennial may not think about Dada, but they owe their world to it.

In the world established by Dada, an artist might still paint, but he could also create less traditional kinds of imagery through gestures, acts, performances. The originators of Dada were too young and wild to traffic in words like "moral," but even the "image" of a man like Duchamp has a political edge. For example, Duchamp playing chess forms a beguiling circle of quiet and concentration, a radius of aristocratic indifference within the hurly-burly of capitalist society. Dada in general created a carefully manipulated reflection of a spent and corrupted society that had all but destroyed itself in war.

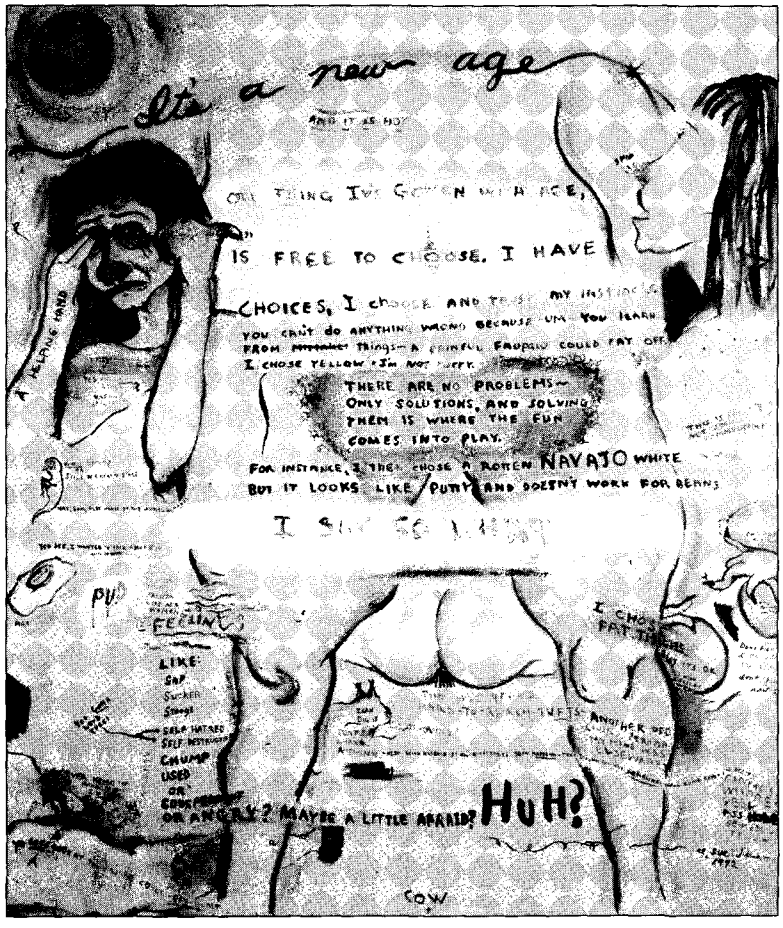
It is a famous fact about Dada that it could not long sustain its youthful energy. It is no less true that Dada and its varied offspring—Duchamp, Yves Klein, Warhol, Beuys, John Cage—created few things in which the future will take much aesthetic interest. But such artists nonetheless clarified their times, helping to form our mental image of their period. They seem independent, exotic, queer, free. The main difficulty of this world does not lie in its fitful spirit or aesthetic failings. For a tradition that derives its authority from the figure of the artist, the abiding problem is that artists are usually not nearly as interesting as Jesse Helms suspects.

No matter how startling the innovations of a serious painter or sculptor, he still depends on a rich and ancient tradition for much of his power. An artist who is not really a painter, not really a sculptor, but thinks he might like to make an "installation" about racism, does not have that support. And so he will often rely on the (by now) very old device of "Surprise! This is art." Without the support of a great tradition, he is forced upon himself. He must therefore be extremely clever; otherwise, he's just making home movies. In this regard, the masters of Dada and surrealism established some smart precedents, which the artists of the Biennial foolishly ignore.

Being interesting, right and worthy is not enough in such art. Many people are those things. If artists have only themselves to rely on, they must be nothing less than astonishing. The "style" that others put into objects they must put into themselves, making a spectacle of the artist and, in that way, placing their mark on the larger society. This is what many of the best artists working in this world have done, Warhol being the most important recent example. Because of the strong political cast of the Biennial, the narcissism is less personal than ethnic. But there is very little ethnic narcissism on display that is astonishing or memorable.

In fact, the only memorable narcissism at the Biennial is personal. Like the great narcissists, such as Duchamp, Warhol and Beuys, the artist Sue Williams, now a much talked-about figure in the art world, has developed a memorable persona. Her subject is sexual violence. Her crude images have little or no aesthetic merit, but they arouse curiosity about who she really is: she comes across as a battered everywoman from a trailer park. Unlike most Biennial artists, she also taps one of the most important sources of authority for Dada and surrealism, the so-called "outsider" art done by eccentrics, schizophrenics and the uneducated. Such work, created beyond the norms of mainstream art, gains its conviction from untutored necessity.

Williams's work is an almost dead-on version of such "outsider art." She scrawls out paintings filled with graffiti-like porno images and bits of manic, obsessive writing—usually embittered asides and small spitting phrases in which words are occasionally misspelled. The misspellings, which some critics have complained about, help her art: they convey the sensation of words erupting from private need rather than for educated show. One of her pieces, called "Irresistible," is a life-size rubber figure of a naked woman lying on the floor, with phrases punched like bruises into her body—"Look what you made me do," "If you don't care about yourself, how do you expect others to," "You dumb bitch." For a wall panel,



Courtesy Whitney Museum of American Art/Harry N. Abrams

IT'S A NEW AGE BY SUE WILLIAMS (1992)

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Williams has written this:

> My work is mostly autobiographical, except for the horse stuff. The rubber lady "Irresistible" is about my sweetheart who tried to beat me to death. I was sleeping on a mattress on the floor when he began by kicking my face. I think it's worth telling these stories since the men who raped, beat and tried to kill me were never arrested. Maybe they didn't break any laws?

Williams is also the artist who deposited a plastic puddle of vomit under a wall lettered with "The Sweet and Pungent Smell of Success." (The subject is female eating disorders.) Such work can easily be dismissed as another instance of "victim" art, in which the artist blackmails the viewer into respect by the horror or extreme character of the subject. In Williams's case, however, the art does not appear quite that smart. Or to put it better: Williams may be too smart to seem that smart. She becomes the victim who will not leave you alone, who keeps talking into your face, whose unpleasant news you don't want to hear but can't escape.

Most other Biennial artists are merely insistent. They have not learned that rendering powerful themes in art requires more than passionately attacking or exposing injustice, about which we have heard. It requires either a Goya-like genius for the subject head-on, or a certain tact—the beautiful sense *not* to claim too much for one's art in relation to human suffering. With few exceptions the Biennial artists make art that acts much too important in relation to its theme. It is a grandstanding art about suffering. Once again, the main Dada and surrealist artists provide many examples of tact and its great derivative, a feeling for scale.

The Dada artists were show-offs, but they were also too offbeat to seem very important. Their manner kept the scale of their actions modest. They relished the obscure and the indirect. They were anarchic, even when organized. They liked wit and surprise, each a great deflator. Their antic wit (even in Berlin Dada) serves as a brilliant foil to the bestiality of World War I, much as Nero's fiddling makes Rome's burning more vivid than any preacher's sermon.

Even the main formal device of Dada and surrealism—the clever or shocking juxtaposition—does not grandly announce the truth. It provides an unexpected connection, like glimpsing something behind a door. This also controls scale. Because there is so little tact at the

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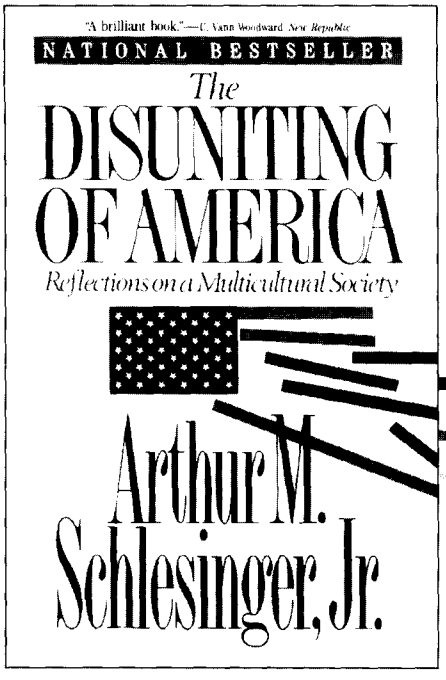

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Biennial, Robert Gober almost steals the show simply by being quiet and retiring amid the din. He has placed small bundles of tied-up newspapers, with slightly unexpected headlines, in various corners. As for juxtapositions, one installation at the Biennial offers a peephole through which you can admire perhaps the single stalest insight in the world today: the juxtaposition of a penis with a revolver.

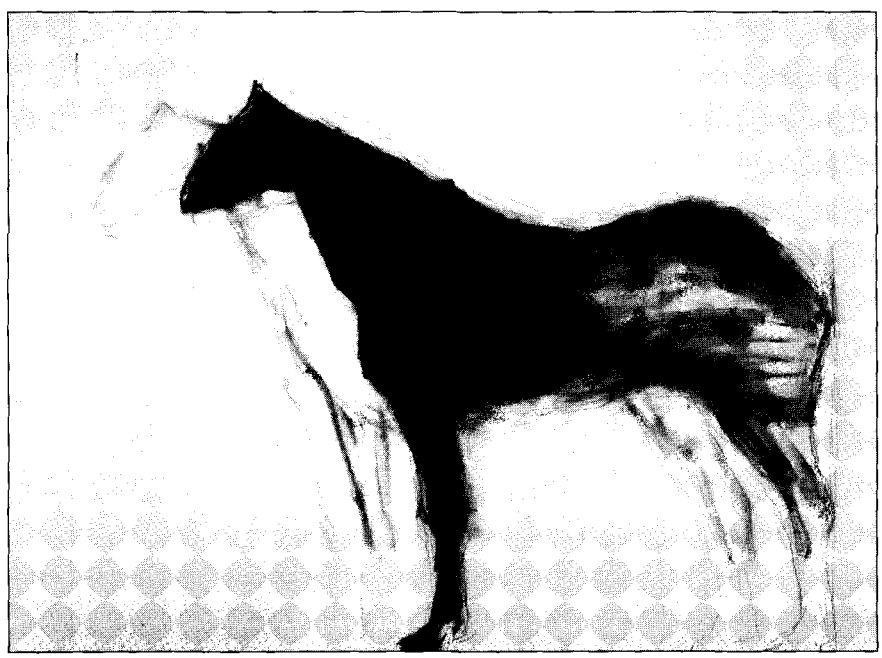
No artist at the Biennial works impressively with indirection. No artist outrages the expectations of his own world. And shock itself is used less to unsettle the powers-that-be than to affirm one's toughness as an artist. At the Whitney it is obvious that shock in art is in decline. It has become a tired technique—schlock shock. There are millions of Americans, of course, who would still be shocked by what's on display at the Whitney, but they are not coming to the show. I went to the Biennial on two separate Sundays, when the show was very crowded, and saw nobody from Kansas. Or if they were from Kansas, it wasn't Dorothy's.

What the Biennial knows of shock is by now well known to art, to artists and to the people who follow art. Therefore it has little effect. Yet the curators and the artists of the Biennial act as if this art can shock us into recognizing the hard realities; they think that if Hilton Kramer complains, they are good radicals. In its way, the Biennial is a version of Salon or academic art, a confirmation of firmly established conventions. Of course, it is typical of a Salon style that there be novelties to titillate, jollying up the tradition without seriously challenging the audience. They provide, instead, conversation for couples.

The Biennial has many such titillations. They are usually an occasion for knowing smiles and jokes of the "can you *believe* that" variety. For example, Cindy Sherman is often a very good artist, a brilliant impersonator of what might be called, alas, styles of being. Now that she's trying to shock she is less successful, because she tries too hard and her imagery contains the implicit and vulgar brag of "bet you can't top this." Sherman's broken sex dolls are not nearly as disturbing as Hans Bellmer's dolls of the 1930s, and her giant images of what look like an elephant vulva and an elephant penis simply make people hoot as if they've seen the monkeys do something rude at the zoo.

It occurs to few artists that, if you wish to render pain or injustice, it might help to use a foil of some kind—for example, to suggest, however obliquely, that the world can also be a place of pleasure or good fortune. Few have the self-discipline that comes from knowing that a bad work on a great theme is worse that a bad work on a small theme. Above all, few seem to understand that the great radicals of this tradition do not trust museums. When a mainstream museum adopts radical airs, shouldn't radical artists have the wit to wonder?

This is perhaps the way in which the Biennial is most painfully academic in spirit. Dada and its progeny mostly stayed away from the museums, which, however revolutionary their intent, inevitably make art fit the schoolroom. At the Biennial the marvelous tradition of the outside—the iconoclastic spirit—now seems fully claimed by the professors. The outsider has become an insider. Only pedants would make a show in which there is so much reading. The Whitney has even provided a large reading room full of all the fashionable p.c. books of the moment, and the artists themselves often work with words and provide little lectures about their work.



Courtesy Rizzoli/Albright-Knox Art Gallery

UNTITLED (1976) BY SUSAN ROTHENBERG

It is worth quoting three examples of Biennial writing not simply because they are comically bad examples of prose, but because their tone exactly suggests the way in which an art that intends to challenge society can decline into academic showmanship and intellectual flatulence.

In the first, a painter describes his work:

> Sex. Death. But then life and love are further declensions of those. Life, a segue from sex to death, and love and sex, and all those interminglings. But it's not about polarizing them which, at this point, American culture is incredibly adept at. It's really about democratizing their function within a larger setting: that sex is equal to death, that death is equal to life, that life is equal to love. One doesn't supersede or exclude the other. In reality, it's much more inclusive. And if, indeed, they can disembody one from the other, it's our puritan heritage that has polarized these concepts. Because actually, life, sex, death and love sit very comfortably next to each other. They're not in opposition.

In the second, an artist ruminates on Clio:

> I have come to think of history as a dysfunctional idea. There cannot possibly be history. What would we know of history as we think of history? As history is knowing what happened in the past, that's what we think history is. How could we possibly know what happened in the past?... We have to think more complexly than to think that we can know the past, because we can't. We believe whatever our situation causes us to believe and it may or may not be true. It may or may not be *the* really important things that happened. At the same time, because there is such an authoritative version of history, it's great fun to pull out other things that are hidden and left out and find a way to put them forward without making a countersign to their sign, because their signs are there.

And in a catalog essay, a writer concludes an essay called "Finitude's Score: Ectopia" in this way:

> The history of a work, diffused as it is by the experience of ataxy and amnesia, run through by figures—oversized or miniature—of a traumatizing dispersion of the cognitive effects of memory and language,

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offers a way of naming a compelling relation to finitude which all art works, in accordance with their particular inflections, tonalities and urgencies, persist in tracing. If these works point to what lies outside them, an otherness without immanence or transcendence, without the assured semantics of a project; if, in other words (and they are *about* the necessity of other words) these works offer only what they can—the future—it is nonetheless a future that will never have completed its task in the present but relentlessly exposes itself to its own ectopian boundaries.

Most painters today, even when they have no political agenda, belong to the Biennial's world. They look to Duchamp and the surrealists for authority; they study Derrida and Baudrillard. They grant only passing attention, at most, to those visual traits and possibilities of the medium that have excited great painters for many centuries. That is simply not what motivates them. They are interested in illustrating ideas about politics and philosophy and art history. Their style—appropriate for what's called the art of appropriation—is often based on commercial illustration.

The more witty and playful of such painters deserve attention. Mark Tansey, in particular, has found a way to make fresh art out of our intellectually mannered and self-conscious moment; he makes amusing pictures about art history. He has an eye for the remarkable image, much as Magritte did, and is not easily boxed into one world or another. The great majority of such painters, however, are simply bad illustrators of meretricious philosophy. Even Tansey does not bring much to painting itself. He is a visitor from the other world of art, using painting as his means. He takes the pleasure of a tinkerer.

Susan Rothenberg, however, is a painting painter. She has attracted attention not only because she has made some good pictures, but because she seems to be struggling to maintain the world of painting. Implicit in her art, I think, is a concern that that world is threatened, fading, even dead. Her main points of intensity—the heightened feeling for touch, the search for the primal image, the evocation of the cave—seem to address the weakness of painting today. They commemorate an absence.

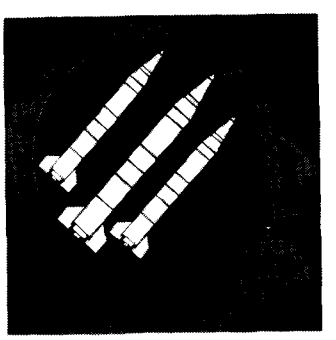
It is a classic modern fear, of course, that there is nothing left for art to do. The response to that fear is often what's best and most courageous in modern art. Rothenberg's art is full of a remembering that is not quite nostalgic. Her pictures leave the impression of an artist trying to recover painting's secrets, of trying to begin again. In her sensibility there is something slow, secretive, awkward, inchoate. It was in the cave that painting began, and her evocation of the cave has an almost incantatory spirit—as if she were trying to revive painting by mixing together a few of the ancient ingredients. A Rothenberg painting even has the cave's texture and faintly echoing stillness.

Like almost all painters today, Rothenberg does not have the deep training in her tradition that earlier artists could obtain. Like many of today's sophisticated painters, she is a kind of primitive. Her famous image of a horse looks as if it wants to be the *first* image. It is simple, archetypal. It does not copy the actual appearance of the cave paintings, but it has some of the same distant intimacy. Her early horses, like those in the cave paintings, seem rubbed onto a flaking surface with her fingers, yet they have the *gravitas* of an ancient religion.

If painting has lost much of its knowledge—if it is slowly going blind—then touch becomes both an end and, possibly, a beginning. "I'm not a clear thinker," Rothenberg has said. "I reach things by stumbling upon them." Her touch is her greatest gift. Her surfaces are thick, lyrical, almost damp-seeming. Her brushstroke, seriously slapdash, keeps her spaces alive. Rothenberg's painting is always physical, a matter of meaning conveyed through the hand. At her exhibit I watched a short movie and was struck by the manner in which she talked about art. Her words were plain, dutiful. Unlike the Biennial artists, she has little to say.

In keeping with this theme of recovery, Rothenberg hearkens back to the last style of arguably major painting, which is abstract expressionism. She came of age during minimalism, and her early horse images and her way of dividing the canvas owe an obvious debt to minimal ideas. But like so many of the interesting artists of the late 1960s and '70s, she used minimalist ideas to try to regain some of the heat from the 1940s and '50s. In the end, she gave herself to the existential desperados of modern painting, such as de Kooning, Guston and that earlier artist with a lyrically anxious hand, Giacometti.

Looking at Rothenberg's art now, it hardly seems "minimal." If you didn't know about minimalism, you could almost imagine her as a second-generation abstract expressionist, struggling to find a way to keep the style fresh. In de Kooning the brushstroke often served as a kind of existential "ges-



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Stanley A. Renshon, Editor

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ture," a personal mark of truth. In the hands of others, however, the brushstroke often changed from a symbol of authenticity to one of theatricality. Rothenberg's brushstroke avoids that sort of showiness not simply because there's not much brag in her brush but because her lyrical awkwardness does not appear studied.

The character of her brushstroke sometimes recalls Twombly's—that of an artist who, coming late in a tradition, tries to maintain power by becoming looser rather than more composed. There is none of Twombly's dandified rough stuff in Rothenberg, but there is a kind of sprouting, an untidiness and coming apart at the seams that suggests a style that can no longer fully claim possession of its world. Given her brushstroke, Rothenberg's early, centered imagery offers a kind of stability. In her later work, she lets go of that. Her imagery begins to melt and shimmer with her brushstrokes. The horse, seen from the front, evolves toward a human figure.

Rothenberg's painting maintains a constant tension between movement and stability, but in the later work nothing seems truly fixed. Like de Kooning, she seems haunted by how and where to fix the figure in space. And like Guston, another artist of cultivated touch who was obsessed with how to begin again, she turned for imagery toward the most basic, rock-bottom desperation. Her pictures of a head throwing up, which recall her struggle with alcoholism, employ (as do Guston's on the same subject) crude and almost childish outlines. They are less successful than her other work because they often seem merely personal.

One of Rothenberg's paintings shows a woman, probably a surrogate for the artist, dancing with Mondrian. She has said that Mondrian represents to her a "desire to build a painting correctly." Most contemporary painting would love to dance with Mondrian the father; the girlish fantasy of this painting is an exact—and serious—description of the weakness and longing that contemporary painting feels toward the modern masters. The pleasure of Rothenberg's work is, in part, that she faces such difficulties and welcomes the past into her work in the hope of finding a present. Still, she is best when she is less direct in her references to art history—when she is stumbling rather than dancing.

Although the Whitney Biennial has received mostly bad reviews and the Rothenberg mostly good reviews, that is not an accurate reflection of the relative power of their two worlds. In the contemporary field, many people—artists, curators and critics—now go into art without any passion for the world of painting. They are excited by the figure the artist cuts in society. (If they are interested in Rothenberg, it will be partly because she is a woman.) Yet I find Rothenberg's painting far more challenging to the politics of life-as-usual than anything at the Whitney, however unpolitical and inarticulate she might be.

Those artists who presume to speak for mankind—or any of its subsets—have a way of speaking only for themselves. They resemble politicians who talk about the virtues of public service. Rothenberg, who does not have that presumption, who is just a painter, albeit a fashionable one, embodies some of the great and universal tensions. She sets the tender against the heavy-handed, the transparent against the solid, the edge against the form, the still against the moving. She herself attempts to stay fresh by constantly challenging the terms of her own most recent work. Her new pictures, in which the allusive animal forms are not centered but have that not quite straight "floating" quality of the figures in the cave paintings, are her best in several years. The Biennial artists always seem to know what they think. Rothenberg doesn't, which makes her world the riskier one. •

Dogma and Democracy

BY JAROSLAW ANDERS

The Church and the Left
by Adam Michnik
edited, translated and with an introduction by David Ost
(University of Chicago Press, 301 pp., $24.95)

The Final Revolution:
The Resistance Church and the Collapse of Communism
by George Weigel
(Oxford University Press, 255 pp., $25)

A few months before martial law was declared in Poland, Adam Michnik wondered, in a foreword to a semilegal, second edition of *The Church and the Left,* whether he would ever live to see the day that it would be necessary to declare oneself a Catholic in order to win a seat in Poland's parliament. Should something like that happen, he wrote, it "would be a great setback for Polish democracy as well as for Polish Catholicism." It is now twelve years later, and a candidate for Poland's parliament doesn't have to declare himself a Catholic, but it certainly helps—and he certainly shouldn't declare himself anything that the Church may find uncouth, an atheist, or an advocate of legal abortion and secular public education, or a sympathizer with religious minorities.

There is perhaps a bit of paranoia in the "priest-under-every-bed" stories now spreading in Poland, but signs of the Church's influence in the political domain are real enough. The Polish parliament recently adopted, and President Walesa signed into law, an anti-abortion bill carrying prison terms for abortion except in the case of rape, incest or a direct threat to the mother's life. Another piece of legislation, on public and private broadcasting, requires that both kinds of stations be guided in their programming by "Christian values." Since no legal definition of this term has been provided so far, the execution of the law is likely to depend solely on the theological awareness of members of the Board of Broadcasting.

Back in 1990 the Church embarrassed Tadeusz Mazowiecki, the first non-Communist prime minister and a prominent Catholic intellectual, by forcing his Ministry of Education to reinstate religious instruction as an elective subject in all public schools. This move has been challenged in the courts, to loud condemnations by the country's Catholic hierarchy. The Church's pro-

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nouncements on AIDS as a disease transmitted "exclusively through sin" may have encouraged several disturbing spectacles of ignorance and prejudice aimed at HIV-positive patients, and frustrated efforts to provide them with sanctuary and comprehensive medical care. The Polish clergy often uses its pulpits to chastise politicians and to lend its support to certain political groups. The ecclesiastical hierarchy openly questions the principle of separation of church and state, and claims that state institutions should embody the Christian (that is, the Catholic) character of the nation.

Of course the Church claims to speak for the majority of "true Poles," but its political meddling meets with increasing opposition not only among the intellectuals. According to public opinion polls, the abortion bill contributed to a substantial drop in the popularity of the Church and its leaders. In place of the Communist Youth secretaries, youngsters aim their rebelliousness at the "school priests." One of the more telling signs of this anti-Church resistance is the staggering popularity of the satirical weekly *Nie* (No). This often vulgar publication, edited by—of all people—the former Communist government spokesman Jerzy Urban, and clearly addressed to less sophisticated readers, has made pornography and virulent anti-clericalism its main staples.

All this may come as a surprise, especially when one remembers the long and quite illustrious cooperation of the Catholic Church with the Polish democratic movement. Western observers often noted that the Polish anti-totalitarian struggle, generally articulated in the liberal, even "progressive," terms of individual liberty, human rights and social justice, was at the same time steeped in religious imagery and symbolism. The Church assisted at the birth of Solidarity; and later, after the Communist crackdown of 1981, it provided shelter to a fledgling "civil society" in Poland. The Black Madonna of Czestochowa, venerated by Polish Catholics as the mystical *Regina Poloniae*, was transformed in the popular view into the national Goddess of Liberty.

There were two possible outcomes of this unusual symbiosis: a liberalization of the Polish Church or a clericalization of Polish democracy. Until quite recently, most Polish intellectuals assumed that the first possibility was not only more desirable, but more likely. The general view was that the years of Communist repression had cleansed the Polish Church of its obscurantist and anti-liberal tendencies, and taught it respect

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for those who struggled for human liberty and dignity from different philosophical premises. And the chief architect of this new, positive school of thinking about the Church was none other than the champion of secular democracy, Adam Michnik.

The author of *The Church and the Left*, whose wit and indomitable polemical temperament have made him a particularly colorful figure in intellectual and political life, may seem an odd candidate to take up the case of the Church. A son of secular Jews and one-time Communists, he usually describes himself as a "nonbeliever," an "atheist," even a "pagan." It was his rationalist and critical disposition that set him on the road of "dissent" in the early '60s, when he was still in high school. Soon afterward he emerged as a passionate, stammering Saint-Just of the student revolt of 1968. Several prison terms and as many books later, in 1989, he was at the side of Walesa during the pivotal Round Table Talks that finally broke the Communist monopoly of power. Having served one term in the Polish parliament, he is now editor in chief of *Gazeta Wyborcza*, the largest Polish daily, and one of the country's most influential political commentators.

The translator and editor of the first English edition of Michnik's book, David Ost, is to be commended for providing his own informative introduction, which is especially perceptive on Michnik's concept of "the Left." At the time *The Church and the Left* was written, Michnik used the term as almost a synonym for "liberal democracy," perhaps with a touch of communitarian sensitivity. Ost explains that such an identification was quite natural in Poland, where in the interwar period liberal values and institutions were promoted almost exclusively by the democratic left. Today Michnik and people of similar political lineage call themselves simply "liberal," although their old designation is often used against them by their enemies.

Ost has also helpfully included, along with the original essay written in 1976, some of Michnik's later writings about religion and democracy. Although the book now reads like a document from a different era, it is an exceptionally useful guide to understanding why the secular, leftist opposition in Poland approached the Church with such excessive hopes. George Weigel, in his book, has provided an intelligent and provocative reading of how the East European Church saw itself in the struggle with communism, and how its self-perception differed from its image in the eyes of the secular opposition. Read side by side, these books show all too clearly why, after vanquishing their mutual enemy, the two powerful anti-totalitarian movements, one liberal and the other religious, could not help but edge uneasily toward the opposite corners of the ring.

Michnik's book was written in the year that proved to be a major breakthrough in the history of the Polish opposition. In 1976 a small yet vocal group of intellectual "dissidents" started in earnest to seek contacts with the disgruntled Polish workers, who a year earlier had staged yet another abortive rebellion against their deteriorating conditions. What the intellectuals discovered was encouraging and confounding. The Polish "working masses" turned out to be more impatient and radical in their anti-communism than the dissident intellectuals; but they were also rather ignorant, and often suspicious of the political diction used by the intellectuals to articulate their vision of a desirable society. Popular anti-communism in Poland rested primarily on the authority of the Catholic Church, and was expressed in the Church's moralistic language.

Strategists of the opposition, such as Michnik, were quick to realize that in order to gain significant social support, the democratic movement had to at least acknowledge the Church's role as a kind of proto-opposition, and perhaps also adopt some of its moral vocabulary. Speaking primarily to his dissident colleagues, who at that time were still describing themselves as a "democratic left," Michnik pointed out that the Catholic Church had in fact understood the moral and philosophical implications of Communist totalitarianism earlier, and more accurately, than they had themselves. Without ignoring the anti-democratic role played by the Church in Poland before World War II, he asked his colleagues to admit that they, too, had erred in their reflexive anti-clericalism and in their initial credulity toward the Communist regime. In the postwar years the Church may have seemed excessively preoccupied with its own lost privileges, and taken irritatingly conservative positions on a number of issues, and even disregarded the "liberalizing" directives of the Second Vatican Council. Still, in the decades preceding the formation of the democratic opposition, the Church was the only force struggling for human dignity, freedom and a measure of cultural pluralism.

Michnik was among the first to notice the need to overcome the "ghettolike" isolation of the intellectual opposition from the predominantly Catholic nation. But his intentions went far beyond strategy. He argued that the struggle against the totalitarian threat had revealed the fundamental "community of values" between the two separate and seemingly irreconcilable worlds. Michnik borrowed the argument of the German Protestant theologian and anti-Nazi martyr Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who shortly before his execution in 1945 envisioned the convergence of Christian ethics and secular humanism. In times when "the worship of irrationality, blood and the bestial instinct in man" reigned, Bonhoeffer wrote in his prison writings, it became evident that such values as

> reason, scholarship, humanism, tolerance, autonomy—which had until recently served as battle cries in the struggle against Christianity and the Church, were in fact extremely close to the Church.... And the more Christianity was persecuted and oppressed, the stronger became its alliance with these values, which unexpectedly widened Christianity's horizons.

That was the development that Michnik clearly anticipated in 1976, when he assured his readers that the struggle between the Christian outlook and the liberal outlook was a "closed chapter in European history." Even today his desire for a "dialogue" between these two traditions has not diminished. In the preface to this English edition, written in 1992, he even claims that "real participation in politics and true meaning in life can only be provided by the three Christian values of faith, hope and love." At the same time he speaks, as before, for an unequivocally secular state, by which he means "complete separation of church from state, complete separation of state from church and complete civil rights for all."

Michnik sees religion primarily as a "tradition," as a depository of moral values and cultural insights that cannot be discarded with impunity, as a kind of "eschatological opposition" whose task is to mitigate excesses of human reason. The only obstacle to this entirely reasonable approach to religion is religion itself. It proves to be much too expansive, ubiquitous and uncontrollable a force in human life to accept the limited role assigned to it by liberals. That is even more true of a Church that seems to have emerged victorious after decades of confrontation with an atheistic and repressive regime. Such a Church is likely to use the extended hand of well-wishing secularists as leverage in gaining influence in the political arena.

What Michnik and other intellectuals sympathetic to the Church were unable

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to see, or unwilling to articulate for tactical reasons, was that in its noble, often heroic struggle the Church was confronting an enemy quite different from the enemy confronted by the liberals. They saw communism as a crude departure from the liberal ideals of individual rights, freedom of intellectual inquiry, tolerance and skepticism; the Church saw it as a direct continuation—as a culmination—of the liberal tradition. The struggle with communism had to entail a struggle with the whole political and philosophical legacy that allegedly made it possible.

Blaming every contemporary calamity on the "secular breakthrough" of the Enlightenment has long been one of the clichés of the modern right. It should be noted here that in his account of the Catholic Church's resistance and survival in Communist Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, Weigel paints a more nuanced picture of the philosophical dilemmas of modernity. Yet even he presents the Church's struggle with communism as a millenarian battle with the "tyranny of politics" rooted in the purely secular interpretation of history. For the Church, Weigel writes, communism was "first and foremost, a heresy: it was a defective and deforming vision of the human person, human community, human history and human destiny." A secular dream of earthly salvation through "revolutionary faith," communism's "anthropological toxicity" seeped in deeper than other repressive political systems, and it required an equally strong antidote from beyond the realm of politics. The fight was less about the form of government than about the shape of the human soul. Communism fell not because of Reagan or Gorbachev, not because of Star Wars or the Helsinki Accords or even its own social and economic contradictions, but because of the Church-led moral revolution, "the human turn to the good, to the truly human—and, ultimately, to God, who alone can make all things new."

Today, almost four years after the "annus mirabilis" of 1989, we have quite a few reasons to treat such lofty interpretations of past events with a grain of salt. Historians and political scientists may debate whether Solidarity was a harvest of spontaneous spiritual rebirth, as it desperately wanted to see itself, or a byproduct of decaying communism. There is little doubt, however, that if there was indeed a "turn to the good" among the rebellious masses, it was short-lived and ambiguous. What is more, such romantic explications of the East European revolution, embraced also by many East European intellectuals, offer a perfect justification for the special political privileges claimed today by the Church. Spiritual revolutions need spiritual leaders—paternalistic figures or institutions capable of framing complex sociopolitical dilemmas in unequivocal, moralistic terms. At least some East European intellectuals initially saw themselves in the role of such leaders, but their legend was quickly tarnished by political squabbles. This left the Church as an almost uncontested teacher of civic virtues.

Weigel's book highlights one of the more interesting paradoxes of our times. Communism's ideological atheism may have expedited Christianity's return to history after more than two centuries of retreat. It has provided Christianity with a sense of historical mission that has been lacking since the dawn of the age of democracy. Counterposed to communism's secular religion, Christianity, and especially the Roman Church, could assume the role of *defensor homini*, by preaching, in Weigel's terms, that "politics is the function of culture—and that the heart of culture is cult, or religion...." Unfortunately, the same formula is used today to call into question not only the secular character of the modern state, but also the very concept of liberal democracy. Father Jozef Tischner, one of the most celebrated Polish theologians, a personal friend of Pope John Paul II and the author of *The Spirit of Solidarity*, has shocked many of his intellectual friends by proclaiming in one of his articles that "following the confrontation of Christianity with communism, Christianity now faces the confrontation with liberalism."

If this is the battle cry of the New Millennium, it may explain the Polish Church's strategic moves in the areas of education, information and culture. That is probably not what Weigel has in mind when he says: "It is to be the Church, the bearer and embodiment of the message of the Kingdom that, by challenging the pretensions of the political, opens the social space on which a politics of consent can replace the politics of coercion." Elsewhere in his book he criticizes the Church's direct involvement in politics and writes confidently that the "final revolution" is merely a return to normality; it "restores the natural rhythms of history and society." Yet the temptation to reach for political tools in the struggle against the "tyranny of politics" may prove too great, especially in countries like Poland, where the Catholic Church has little competition from other religious or secular traditions.

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Michnik and Weigel are right of course when they claim, from different philosophical premises, that there is no fundamental contradiction between Christianity (or any other religion) and democracy. But the peaceful, even mutually supportive coexistence of those two worlds depends on a careful distinction between the domain of certainty and the domain of doubt; and this is a distinction that millenarian ideologies regularly try to obliterate. In 1991, in his encyclical *Centesimus Annus*, Pope John Paul II wrote, in a clear reference to his native Eastern Europe:

> Nowadays there is a tendency to claim that agnosticism and skeptical relativism are the philosophy and the basic attitude which correspond to democratic forms of political life. Those who are convinced that they know the truth and firmly adhere to it are considered unreliable from a democratic point of view, since they do not accept that truth is determined by the majority, or that it is subject to variation according to different political trends. It must be observed in this regard that if there is no ultimate truth to guide and direct political activity, then ideas and convictions can easily be manipulated for reasons of power. As history demonstrates, a democracy without values easily turns into open or thinly disguised totalitarianism.

This perspective hinges on the assumption that the contemporary world now needs certainty—"absolute values" and "ultimate truths"—more than anything else. Suffice it to say that history teaches also that more wars were fought and more atrocities committed in the name of one or another "ultimate truth" than in the name of "agnosticism" or "skeptical relativism." Religiously sanctioned morality proved every bit as prone to political manipulation as values based on supposedly "rational" premises. To be sure, agnosticism and relativism are not prerequisites of democracy; but democracy occasionally requires its members to behave "as if" they were less sure of their truths than they really are—that is, to practice the civic virtue of tolerance. And finally it was not the absence of values that paved the road to modern totalitarianism, but rather democracy's inability to assert those values and their philosophical foundations in the face of aggressive ideologies offering a unified vision of the world.

This assertiveness is also missing in Michnik's book. Michnik is to be commended for his ability to predict some of the recent developments, and for his outspokenness against the Church's intrusions into the domain of politics. Even as he was advocating "dialogue" between Catholicism and the left, Michnik warned that "standing alone on the battlefield, Catholicism triumphant becomes a shallow, anti-intellectual and extremely conservative movement." In another essay, written in 1987 and included in the present volume, he criticizes his fellow intellectuals for embracing the Church too uncritically, and he cautions that "the shadow of an Iranian syndrome begins to hover over Polish public life: this is the end point of the Polish fundamentalist option." But only occasionally does he intimate that, the "community of values" notwithstanding, there may be a deeper doctrinal difference between the liberal outlook and the religious outlook. In a work of this intellectual weight one might have expected a more thorough and systematic examination of that rift. Perhaps the time was not ripe for that kind of examination in 1976. Still, in retrospect it is possible to wonder whether a sharper drawing of those differences might have forestalled many of the current misunderstandings about the Church's role in public life.

Many of the current problems of Eastern Europe—from shaky support for economic reforms to unstable constitutional foundations for the political system—spring from the fact that East European liberals took their own philosophy, and its appeal, too much for granted. The sudden mobilization of their opponents took them by surprise, and it left them with less social support than they counted on. They wished to believe, with their sympathizers in the West, that the fall of communism was a clean victory for Western democracy. Today it is becoming obvious that the historical moment is much more complicated.

The current enthusiasm for "the end of history" or "the end of the Modern Age" overlooks that complicated reality. Voices proclaiming the crisis of liberal democracy call for dismantling the social contract and its replacement with "natural" or "organic" communities—such as ethnic groups or religious cults—that allegedly possess their own soul, or essence, or morality, and have a sense of their historical mission. Those voices are especially audible, and find especially receptive audiences, in the former Communist countries, where the fall of the semi-totalitarian regimes produced more intellectual confusion and social

The Parcel

There are dying arts and
one of them is
the way my mother used to make up a parcel.
Paper first. Mid-brown and coarse-grained as wood.
The worst sort for covering a Latin book neatly
or laying flat at Christmas on a pudding bowl.
It was a big cylinder. She snipped it open
and it unrolled quickly across the floor.
All business, all distance.
Then the scissors.
Not a glittering let-up but a dour
pair, black thumb-holes,
the shears themselves the color of the rained-
on steps a man with a grindstone climbed up
in the season of lilac and snapdragon
and stood there arguing the rate for
sharpening the lawnmower and the garden pair
and this one. All-in.
The ball of twine was coarsely braided
and only a shade less yellow than
the flame she held under the blunt
end of the sealing-wax until
it melted and spread into a brittle
terracotta medal.
Her hair disheveled, her tongue between her teeth,
she wrote the address in the quarters
twine had divided the surface into.
Names and places. Crayon and fountain-pen.
The town underlined once. The country twice.
It's ready for the post
she would say and if we want to know
where it went to—
a craft lost before we missed it—watch it go
into the burlap sack for collection.
See it disappear. Say
this is how it died
out: among doomed steamships and out-dated trains,
the tracks for them disappearing before our eyes,
next to station names we can't remember
on a continent we no longer
recognize. The sealing-wax cracking.
The twine unraveling. The destination illegible.

Eavan Boland

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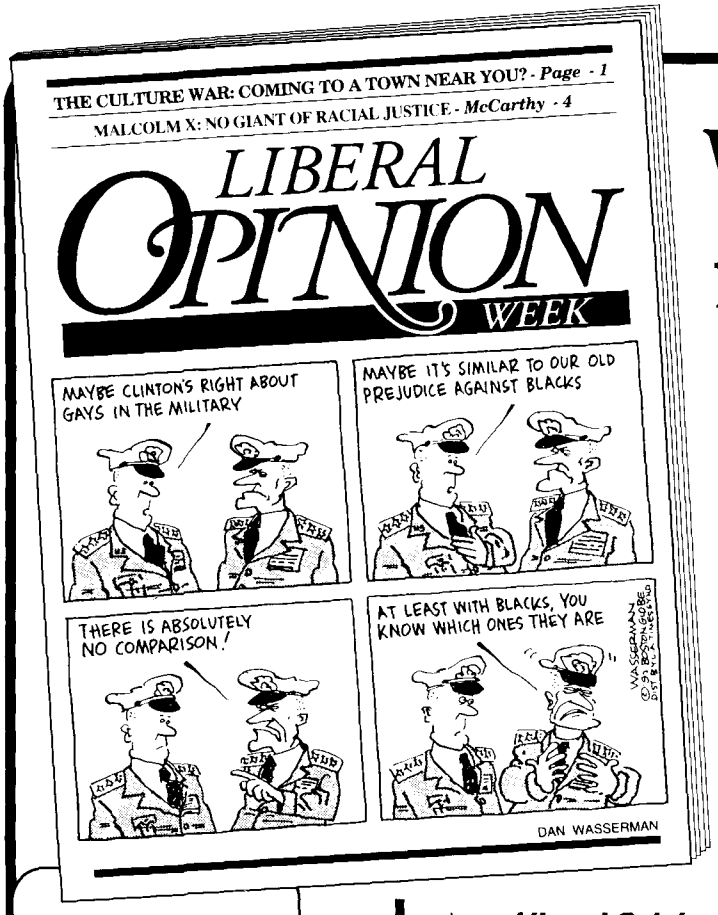
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anxiety than was anticipated.

Perhaps it is time to remind the new zealots that liberal democracy did not spring into existence as a diabolical plot of "intellectuals" against a happy, patriarchal world of moral certitude and cultural unity. It emerged slowly, after a long period of trial and error, as a partial and imperfect answer to a world in which such certitude and unity were clearly no longer possible; and the only alternative was a sequence of religious and tribal wars. From Germany to Bosnia to the Caucasus, recent events have demonstrated that Weigel's "final revolution" has changed precious little in this state of affairs. It would be interesting and inspiring if the new cultural war for the Open Society was fought and won once again in Eastern Europe by people like Michnik and his friends. They know the stakes better than anybody else.

JAROSLAW ANDERS is a Polish writer living in Washington, D.C.

Fretting

BY HERMIONE LEE

Surviving: The Uncollected Writings of Henry Green edited by Matthew Yorke

(Viking, 302 pp., $24)

Pack My Bag: A Self-Portrait by Henry Green

(New Directions, 356 pp., $18.95)

"A man falls in love because there is something wrong with him." "Everything comes to an end in the end, and I've noticed it usually comes as an anticlimax." "After a time, in married life, it becomes the other partner's fault that they have married one." "All through my life I have been plagued by enjoying first experiences too much." "Being a child is to have things taken from one all the time."

Who is this aphorist of deprivation, this lugubrious dandy, coming on like a cross between Noel Coward and Philip Larkin? There are two answers. The first is: Henry Vincent Yorke, 1905-1973, morbidly self-concealing, repressed and enigmatic, hid himself inside a pseudonym and the cryptic, mostly one-word titles of his brief, mannered novels. (These are, chronologically from 1926 to 1952, *Blindness, Living, Party Going, Caught, Loving, Back, Concluding, Nothing,* and *Doting.*) In one of the rare interviews to penetrate beneath his "steely reticence," he insisted above all on impersonality and disguise. "Of course the author must keep completely out of the picture."

But what can't help getting into the picture is a powerful sense of sadness and frustration. A fat, unhappy child, he was dominated by his country-squire-businessman father and unloved by his aristocratic mother, bullied at Eton. He left Oxford without a degree, got married to a conventional and impercipient upper-class girl and worked for thirty years in the family engineering firm, Pontifex and Sons Ltd. The work declined into incompetence; the life petered out in alcoholism and agoraphobia. He shunned publicity, refusing to be photographed except from the back. Increasingly deaf (an ailment made worse by his wartime fire-fighting), he published nothing for the last twenty years of his life, and has been little read since his death in 1973.

And the second answer? Something like this: Henry Green, brought up on a large Gloucestershire estate by a witty mother and a father he always thought "the cleverest man in the world," discovered his vocation early. He began his first novel at school, spent his time at Oxford making friends and playing billiards, and with his pretty young wife ran with a bright, fashionable, wealthy 1920s crowd in London. These formative years went into his brilliant autobiography, *Pack My Bag.* Encouraged to write by Edward Garnett, he gathered invaluable materials from his stint on the Birmingham factory floor of the family business, as he would from fire-fighting in the blitz.

In later years he led an increasingly private life, but his many friends (especially women) valued his company enormously, and his only son, Sebastian Yorke, remembers him with affection as a wild raconteur and a teller of black jokes with "howls of laughter," and as a passionate reader and sports fan. Since the acclaim that greeted his first novels in the 1920s and '30s, he has been recognized as one of the great twentieth-century writers of fiction by literary admirers who include V. S. Pritchett, Elizabeth Bowen, Christopher Isherwood and John Updike. Though he published no books after *Doting,* the essays and fragments gathered in this last volume, *Surviving,* show a richly "surviving" comic talent and a profound interest in style and language that will add greatly to a growing posthumous reputation.

Both versions are partly true, and the competing biographies are an appropriate device for Henry Green, who loved partial truths and juxtaposed perspectives. One of the most intriguing pieces in *Surviving,* in praise of the "power and wonder of dialogue," demonstrates alternative ways of writing a banal interchange between a husband and wife. At 9:30 in the evening he says he is going over the road to the pub, and she asks him if he will be long.

> There are more than 138 ways she can say, "Will you be long?" Here are some of them:
> "Will you be away [or out] long?"
> "Will [or shall] you be long gone?"
> "Will [or shall] you be gone long?"
> "How long will you be?"
> "How long will it be before you are back?"
> "Will you be back soon?"
> "How soon will you be?"
> "Back soon?"
> "Off for long?"
> ...And so on.

His own example of the scene goes like this:

> He: I think I'll go across the way now for a drink.
> She: Will you be long?
> He: Why don't you come too?
> She: I don't think I will. Not tonight...

And he observes how often "one question is answered by another" and how the mood of the woman here can be read in various ways. ("She is in one of several moods, *or even in three or more moods at the same time.*") What the novelist cannot do, says Green, is to "explain" the "telegraphese" that the husband and wife speak in after twenty years of married life. "If you want to create life the one way *not* to set about it is by explanation." Nor can the dialogue be exactly like life. Dialogue is "non-representational" and must suggest the mood and the meaning that lie under the speech itself.

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These recommendations for a fictional style founded on obliquity and suggestiveness are temperamental. Elsewhere in *Surviving* Green says that he "prefers being stopped in a fog by a net with an unbreakable mesh" to "running nose-on into a lamp-post." In *Pack My Bag* he describes "shyness" as an ideal in human relationships: "the not speaking out, not sharing confidences, the avoidance of intimacy in important things which makes living, if you can find friends to play it that way, of so much greater interest even if it does involve a lot of lying."

There is "a lot of lying" in his novels—indeed *Lying* would have made a good Henry Green title. In the "society" novels—*Nothing, Doting, Party Going*—a surface of brittle, gossipy chat is stretched like a "mesh" over seething bad faith and anxiety. "People in their relations with one another are continually doing similar things, but never for similar reasons," says the narrator of the remarkable, original *Party Going*. These fine shifts in rivalry and desire and longing are acted out by a group of society folk trying to get across to France, barricaded inside a railway terminus hotel in thick fog, with a growing mass of "working" people outside. "Please don't think these people are violent or anything," one of them reassures another, looking down on the crowd. "Because they never are, they never have been in hundreds of years."

We learn in *Surviving* that *Party Going* was planned in the '20s (though, published in 1939, it makes a powerful metaphor for a country on the edge of catastrophe) and in *Pack My Bag* that Green was very much affected, in his second year at Oxford, by the General Strike. A surreal fantasy-sketch in *Surviving* has a null, smart upper-class family (very like his own) threatened by the sudden appearance of an intrusive giant. "Would he be amenable to reason?" they say. "This inaction is getting on my nerves. Why can't we do something?" Green doesn't harden into social analysis, here or in the novels where he slips chameleon-like into the servants' quarters (in *Loving*, his best book) or the clerk's office or the factory floor. There is no discussion of class warfare or social revolution. But there is a powerful implicit diagnosis of what in *Pack My Bag* he calls the division of the country into "not two or three social classes but hundreds well defined throughout Britain."

Upper and lower classes all seem caught in a fog of confusion and enraged helplessness. "This inaction is getting on my nerves" might often be Green's epigram. An extraordinary piece of writing in *Surviving* called "The Lull" describes the inaction of the fire-fighting crews in the quiet following the blitz. It is a good example of Green's elaborate, careful manner, perilously treading the line between affectation and exactness, and communicating something uneasy and difficult to pin down:

> These men were passing through a period which may be compared with the experience of changing fast trains. A traveler on the crowded platform cannot be said to command his destiny, who stands, agape, waiting for the next express. It is signaled, he knows that it will be packed, it is down the line. The unseen approach keeps him, as it were, suspended, that is, no more than breathing, but more than ready to describe the way he has arrived to a man he does not know, waiting in the same disquiet, at his shoulder.

All are "waiting in the same disquiet" in Green's books. His casualty rate is very high. The precocious, talented schoolboy who loses his sight in *Blindness*, the retired scientist crippled with deafness in *Concluding*, Charlie the bereaved prisoner of war returning home in *Back*, all are disabled. "'I'm not fit,' Charlie brought out with difficulty, and with a great look of pain. His self-pity had at last got the better of him."

In *Pack My Bag*, Green vividly describes the effect of having shell-shocked army officers billeted in his house when he was a schoolboy. His son (in an introduction every bit as quizzical in style as his father's) suggests that Green owed his black humor to the half-crazed macabre behavior of these wounded soldiers. Certainly a dark love of the bizarre comes through in the autobiography and in the interviews:

> *Interviewer*: And how about "subtle"?
>
> *Mr. Green*: I don't follow. *Suttee*, as I understand it, is the suicide—now forbidden—of a Hindu wife on her husband's flaming bier. I don't want my wife to do that when my time comes—and with great respect, as I know her, she won't. . . .
>
> *Interviewer*: I'm sorry, you misheard me; I said, "subtle"—that the message [of the books] was too subtle.
>
> *Mr. Green*: Oh, *subtle*. How dull!

The very English mixture of repression, anxiety and po-faced joking seems to cry out for analysis. (Combined with heavy drinking, writer's block and increasing self-concealment, the mix does sound very much like Philip Larkin—one of Green's admirers—as described in the new biography by Andrew Motion.) Explanations certainly seem in order for a writer who in his autobiography says: "It is not necessary to enter into my relations with my parents." Jeremy Treglown, limbering up as Henry Green's biographer in a recent issue of *The New*

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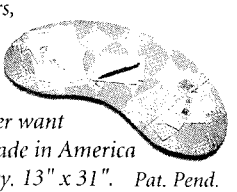

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Yorker, plausibly attributes his strangeness and reserve to "underlying loneliness and self-dislike." And the enraged account Green gives in *Pack My Bag* of his time at Eton—one of the most violent exposés of British public-school life ever written—points the finger at the inhibiting conventions ("Emotion was the one thing that must not be shown"), the rank snobbery, the fascist systems of spying and surveillance and the lessons in furtive sexuality of school life. Even Green's notorious experiments in sentence structures—the omitting of "the" 's and "an" 's, intended in *Living* to represent the taut spareness of "proletarian" life ("Thousands came back from dinner along streets," etc.)—suggest an unhappy pressing down on and circumventing of emotions.

But this is not the whole story. Green's prose can erupt out of its oblique confines into eloquent, sensual passages of strong emotion. In 1950 he said that he was trying to write "a novel with the absolute minimum of descriptive passages." (This must be *Nothing*, one of his most Compton-Burnettish novels, in which the conflict between the pre- and postwar generations of the English upper classes is almost all acted out through speech.) And the ineffectuality of description is dealt with strongly in *Caught*, where the more the man who has been fire-fighting in the blitz tries to describe it to his wife, the less his description seems to have to do with what he actually saw and did.

Yet when descriptive passages do burst through, they carry a tremendous charge. Green had a passion for unfashionably mannered writers such as Carlyle and Doughty (author of Green's favorite book, *Arabia Deserta*), whose lavish prose he reads not as affectation but as an expression of their integrity. Sometimes when he takes a leaf from their books—as in a swooning description of Venice in *Surviving*—the result does read, it must be said, more like affectation. But when he breaks out into sexual obsession, longing, a kind of aching desire, the effect is extraordinary. Here is a reluctant lover in *Party Going*, passively caught in the toils of this sentence:

> She still swayed him like water moves a trailing weed, and froth and some little dirt collects round, and sometimes when he first heard her voice again and when as now she used that private tone, then it was as if his tide had turned and helpless he was turned back, delivered up to move to her tune and trail back the way he had come helpless, delivered over, benighted.

Here is the sympathy of two women friends in *Mood*, the unfinished novel that Green was trying to write in the 1920s. (Published for the first time in *Surviving*, it makes one of the most interesting fragments in the book.) Their perfect reciprocity is acted out in the balance of the prose:

> So two people who love each other can go out and as they walk there is no need for them to put anything into words, having expressed everything long ago. As they walk, and the countryside meanders by, they need not be looking at the same things, one may be looking to her right, the other to her left, but still their thoughts are most curiously joined and what they both see says but the one same thing to them.

And here is a moment of arousal in *Loving*, a very sexy novel:

> As he cupped his hands to shield the flame and Edith bent her lovely head he lowered his yellow one over hers. She giggled which blew the match out. "One thing at a time thank you," she remarked looking him in the eye from close. He blushed painfully. Then the wind sent her hair over her vast double-surfaced eyes with their two depths. As she watched him thus, he might have felt this was how she could wear herself in bed for him, screened but open, open terribly.

In an interview, Green says that the inspiration for *Loving* came from "a manservant in the Fire Service during the war.... He told me he had once asked an elderly butler who was over him what the old boy most liked in the world. The reply was, 'Lying in bed on a summer morning, with the windows open, listening to the church bells, eating buttered toast with cunty fingers.' I saw the book in a flash."

Easy to see why John Updike admires him so. And the sensual pleasures of Green's writing—as with Updike's—extend to technicalities. In *Surviving*, the slow, detailed account of the wartime rescue of someone trapped in a manhole, or the inventory of a greengrocer's window in "The Excursion" (an early draft for *Party Going*), or, in a review of a book on the use of English in the Civil Service, the pleasure taken in the language of patent specifications or commercial correspondence, show off this side of Green.

In his eloquent introduction to *Surviving*, Updike quotes Green on art as a "palliative": "Living one's own life can be a great muddle, but the great writers do not make it plain, they palliate and put the whole in a sort of proportion. Which helps." "Help is what art gives us, with its 'sort of proportion,'" Updike comments, "and what Green gives." This is a hopeful and tender thing to say about such a dark, pained writer, and I think it is true. For the most helpful results, though, *Surviving* and *Pack My Bag* should be read after the novels. Start with *Loving*.

HERMIONE LEE is the author of *Willa Cather: Double Lives* (Pantheon).

The View from Everywhere

BY CHARLES LARMORE

The Nietzsche Legacy in Germany, 1890–1990 by Steven E. Aschheim

(University of California Press, 330 pp., $40)

Toward the end of 1888, a few months before he collapsed in a Turin square, tearfully embracing a mistreated horse, Friedrich Nietzsche undertook to assure the world he was to be a destiny, "no mere man, but dynamite." One day, so he announced in *Ecce Homo*, his name would be associated with the memory of something tremendous. Yet in explaining what his world-historical importance would be, Nietzsche stopped again and again to ask, uneasily, "Have I been understood?" And indeed has he? It seems that he was right to worry. As Steven E. Aschheim recounts in this marvelous book, Nietzsche has meant over the past hundred years all things to all people.

Not a movement—social, political, intellectual, artistic—has been without members who championed him as a guiding genius. There have been Nietzscheans of the left and the right. There have been Nietzschean vegetarians, sexual liberationists, Zionists and socialists. Also, of course, Nietzschean national-socialists. Undeterred by Nietzsche's well-known swipes at feminism and Christian "slave morality," there have even been Nietzschean feminists and Nietzschean Christians. "Let woman

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rediscover her own cruelty, turn on the beaten and mutilate them," cried Valentine de Saint-Point in imitation of the master. "Nietzsche was an extraordinary phenomenon," Ernst Bertram explained in 1918, "within the history of Nordic Christianity."

As Aschheim points out, World War I forms a watershed in this flood of Nietzsche interpretation. Before the war, Nietzsche's appeal extended across the political spectrum and throughout the avant-garde, from radical Expressionism to the conservative Stefan Georg Circle; only the traditional right of Church, Kaiser and Nobility closed its doors to his influence. But with the war and its aftermath of disorder, the cosmopolitan Nietzsche began to fade in Germany, and the nationalist, *völkisch* Nietzsche came to the fore.

Nietzsche the German patriot was an image that his sister Elisabeth had been hawking ever since his madness and death in 1900. Her Nietzsche Archives in Weimar supervised the publication (often bowdlerized) of his writings and sponsored the sale of little Nietzsche statues and similar trinkets. This image caught on, once the right lost its moorings in tradition and turned radical. Nietzsche himself detested patriotic sentiment and loathed his sister's anti-Semitism. For the Germans he felt chiefly disgust. "It is with Germans," he charged, "as it is with women: one never fathoms their depths; they don't have any, that is all.... This German race has no fingers for nuances, no *esprit* in its feet and does not even know how to walk. The Germans ultimately have no feet at all, only legs." But in 1933 *Thus Spake Zarathustra* was placed along with *Mein Kampf* in the vault of the Tannenberg Memorial that commemorated Germany's victory over Russia in World War I. Only very slowly has this conception of Nietzsche as the prophet of Nazism and the architect of the "conservative revolution" begun to wear off in post-1945 Germany. Signs are emerging of the more aesthetic sort of Nietzsche interpretation that has gone on unchecked elsewhere, particularly in France.

Aschheim confines his history to German culture. But his overall conclusion applies generally. There has been scarcely a limit to the causes, in Germany or elsewhere, that have claimed Nietzsche for their own. It is natural to view Nietzsche's sprawling posterity as largely a mass of misappropriation, from which the message of the real Nietzsche must be distinguished and recovered. The special merit of Aschheim's book, in addition to being a fascinating chronicle of Nietzsche's reception, is that it exposes the error of such an assumption. The "real Nietzsche" is largely an illusion. The welter of Nietzsche interpretation, Aschheim suggests, is fostered by the very nature of his thought. Almost every one of these interpretations is as good as the other, except insofar as it claims to be the only right one.

What is it about Nietzsche's thought that gives it this remarkable, proliferating power? "Perspective," Nietzsche wrote in 1886 in *Beyond Good and Evil*, "is the fundamental condition of life." Properly understood, this perspectivism forms the core—indeed the sole substance—of Nietzsche's philosophy. As Aschheim observes, it is the formula that Nietzsche's many apostles all imbibed (though rarely held consistently) as they went on to make "Nietzscheanism" so many different things. It is the one thing the "real Nietzsche" did hold, Nietzsche's other opinions being really but the first in the long line of optional interpretations it produced. To see why perspectivism could beget such a varied progeny, it pays to look at its philosophical character more closely than Aschheim does in his own historically oriented book.

Perspectivism was the premise on which Nietzsche hammered away at the explicit and implicit Platonism of previous philosophy, and at the "Platonism for the masses" that was Christianity. The basic idea was not simply that whenever we think or act, we do so from some particular standpoint, shaped by our biology, our history and our interests. This is probably true, but it is not very newsworthy. His criticism of Plato went deeper: there is also, he proclaimed, no "true world" beyond these perspectives, against which they are to be measured. "There are no facts, only interpretations."

This notorious statement from the posthumous *The Will to Power* is itself easy to misinterpret (though clearly perspectivism itself must have some trouble with the very idea of "misinterpretation"). Here is what Nietzsche did not mean. He was no Berkeleyan idealist, denying the existence of a world distinct from minds and the perspectives they project. As he immediately cautioned, the idealist claim that "everything is subjective," that the key to an interpretation is the interpreter behind it, is itself but one more interpretation, and so a view that we need not embrace. But neither did he hold, as Foucault or Derrida later did, that it is a view which we should not adopt, that there are no authors, only texts.

Nietzsche's perspectivism is at bottom

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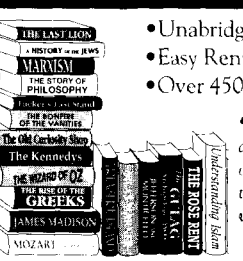

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a doctrine not so much about the nature of what is as about the nature of what ought to be. What a perspective does is to lay down what will count as right and good and what will not. The thesis that there is no true world independent of perspective means that there is no way we ought to think and act apart from how we choose to do so. The world itself contains no directions about how we are to think or act, no objective values that we should acknowledge. The only values are the values that we create. Of course, this view does carry implications about the nature of what exists. If we assume that "facts" are whatever we have good evidence for, and if norms of good evidence are, like all values, something we invent rather than discover, then there can be no facts independent of perspective, only interpretations.

But we get the right slant on Nietzsche's perspectivism only if we see it as primarily a view about the nature of value. In this light, other basic themes of Nietzsche's thought fall into place. Nihilism, for example, is just the negative side of perspectivism, the realization that there exist no objective values to which we are obligated to conform. For Nietzsche, the advent of nihilism follows from the fact that, as he had "the Madman" famously announce in 1882 in *The Gay Science*, man has killed God. Nietzsche understood the death of God in part as others, such as Feuerbach, had before him: God is but an externalization of human aspirations that man is now learning to reclaim for himself.

But he also meant something much more radical than Feuerbach ever imagined. Man has created not only God, but also the values of goodness, love and pity of which he made God the paradigm and sponsor. So, as man now comes into his own, he is free to set up different, contrary values in their stead. Thus, for George Eliot, the translator of Feuerbach's *The Essence of Christianity*, Nietzsche had nothing but contempt: her declaration that although God is inconceivable, and Immortality unbelievable, Duty is peremptory and absolute put her among that uncomprehending multitude about whom the Madman remarked, "I come too soon. They do not yet know the deed they have done."

Without the Christian God, Christian values become problematic, optional. But the acid of nihilism, Nietzsche insisted, cannot remain bottled up in the moral realm. It must envelop value wherever it is, even the values (logical coherence, explanatory power) by which science operates and the value of knowledge itself. In a later preface, written in 1886, Nietzsche looked back on the book that launched his philosophical career in 1871 and argued that *The Birth of Tragedy* was in reality concerned with "the *problem of science*, science grasped for the first time as problematic, as questionable." The values of science, that is, of systematic knowledge in general, are themselves but ones we create and could create differently.

Nietzsche believed that his contemporaries vastly overrated the value of knowledge. Not only did positivists wrongly suppose that the life of science was a safe refuge from troubling questions about the objectivity of value, but the widespread devotion to a historical knowledge that sees everything as a predictable part of its historical context was also paralyzing creative energy. Action requires forgetting, he countered in *The Use and Abuse of History* (1874); the new comes to be only by ignoring the old. We must be bold enough to ask, "Why not rather untruth?" Here, then, was the reason that Nietzsche assigned art a greater dignity than science. Knowledge is in the service of the creative will, and it must not be allowed to turn against it. "My book," he wrote in the preface to *The Birth of Tragedy*, "was the first to view science through the optics of the artist."

Clearly nihilism for Nietzsche was not the end, but the beginning, of wisdom. Realizing that there are no objective values is not a cause for despair. It leads instead to the self-affirmation of the *Übermensch*. Even now, the usual translation of this Nietzschean term as the Superman is likely to make one giggle or take alarm. Yet the idea is clear enough. The Superman is not a different species or a higher race. It is Man himself—once he learns to affirm who he really is. We are to celebrate what we always have been and always will be: the creators of value, beings whose nature is fundamentally *will*, the "will to power" that fashions its own rules of thought and action. We are to make ourselves into works of art, self-created, not answerable to any higher authority. Saying Yes to what we really are cannot be, of course, something we ought objectively to do. We could just as well deny what we are, subjecting ourselves to some supposedly pre-given values. Strictly speaking, Nietzsche could say against such "Platonism" only that self-affirmation is what he chose to will. That is just what he does when he has Zarathustra correct himself in midteaching, "The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: the Superman *shall be* the meaning of the earth."

Not always, however, was Nietzsche so consistent. Under the banner of his perspectivism, he assembled a rather specific ethic, which he treated not simply as one he willed for himself but as the right one for a perspectivist to hold. It embodied, first of all, the intellectual honesty that he admired in Schopenhauer, the refusal to flinch before the disappointments and the horrors of the world. Attractive as it is, however, this fearless pessimism is not a virtue that perspectivism need recommend. Just as possible is the aestheticism that escapes the real world for the world of art, and lives by Nietzsche's own observation that "we have art that we may not perish of truth."

Nietzsche's ethic also contained some rather nasty values. One was war. "You say that it is the good cause that hallows even war?" Zarathustra asks. "I say unto you: it is the good war that hallows any cause." Another was pitiless cruelty. "Weaklings and failures should perish," he urged in *The Antichrist*, "that is the first principle of *our* humanity. They should even be helped to perish." This heartless code was, however, no more an essential element of his perspectivism than the humanitarian and democratic sentiments he so violently scorned. Nietzsche seems to have supposed that once the objectivity of Christian values had been dispelled, only the opposite of those values could be affirmed. But this is a non sequitur. Even if he was also right that these Christian values express simply the resentment that the weak feel for the strong, perspectivism cannot require that we ought to affirm, rather than to deny, our nature. As Nietzsche could wonder, "Why not rather untruth?"

Nietzsche's assimilation of perspectivism to an ethic of war and cruelty was abetted by the magical aura with which he endowed the idea of Life. Life was supposed to be the source of all perspectives, the ultimate vantage point from which the *Umwertung aller Werte*, the revaluation of all values, was to proceed. "Science is to be viewed through the optics of the artist, and art itself through the optics of life." Yet such an Archimedean point is impossible. Values cannot be revalued except on the basis of values. Nietzsche's idea of Life is itself a value-term. "Cruel and implacable against all that is weak and old in us, and not only in us": though trumpeted in Darwinian terms, his valorization of Life went necessarily beyond what biology could establish. After all, an ethics can just as well undertake to correct nature as to follow it.

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Once we see Nietzsche's perspectivism for what it is, and distinguish it from his ethics, we can better appreciate the history of Nietzscheanism that Aschheim has written. Nietzsche has remained a contemporary for so many since the 1890s because our iconoclastic century has found mirrored in his perspectivism its own aspiration to throw off the weight of the past and to bring forth new values. Yet each of the forms taken by Nietzsche's protean legacy, almost without exception, has dressed up its own revolutionary values—sexual, dietetic, political, aesthetic—as the message of "the real Nietzsche." This confuses the license to create value with the specific values one chooses to create (and can seem to give those values a special authority they cannot really possess). There is no such real Nietzsche, as Aschheim rightly points out. Each of these Nietzsche-inspired dispensations is as authentic as the other, their very multiplicity testifying to the unlimited horizons ("the furthest reaches of the post-Enlightenment predicament," says Aschheim) that Nietzsche's perspectivism opens up. Indeed, Nietzsche was himself the first to make the mistake. Long before his sister Elisabeth managed to get her hands on his estate and his reputation, he supposed he knew the values the real Nietzsche stood for.

Nietzsche's perspectivism is a dizzy doctrine. In a cut-rate version that focuses only on moral value, it can become manageable: it comes to resemble the cozy view of many Anglo-American philosophers, for whom moral judgments are but expressions of preference, unlike the statements of fact typical of science. But these "moral subjectivists" are far less consistent than Nietzsche himself. Science-worshipers of just the sort Nietzsche dismissed, they fail to realize that if moral values cannot be more than expressions of preference, then neither can the values of science, or indeed of all reasoning. If, as their "naturalism" supposes, there are no objective moral values because only the material world and states of mind truly exist, then by the same token how we ought to think will be no less something we make up than how we ought to act. All value, moral or cognitive, must share the same fate.

Far from being cozy, such an outlook boggles the mind. Imagine thinking that even so basic a rule of reasoning as the avoidance of contradiction has no more authority than what we choose to give it. Imagine thinking that we could just as well have willed the opposite, seeking out contradictions and believing each and every one. Have you the slightest idea of what it would be like really to think this?

To be sure, bizarre theories may be true. But it seems safe to say that more often they spring from error. Perhaps we should think twice about the naturalism that Nietzsche—and much of contemporary academic philosophy, despite obvious differences—have been at one in assuming rather than in examining. Maybe the world consists not just of matter in motion plus our thoughts and actions in response to it; maybe it consists of value as well. Are we not beings whose nature it is to reflect, and is not reflection the attempt to discover what indeed we ought to think and to do? These are the thoughts that led Plato to conclude that the objective world we seek to understand contains not just matter and mind, but value, too.

Perhaps some of the value we find in the world is there only because we put it there. But if Plato is right, this cannot be the whole story. Do we not also believe that some values, cognitive and moral, exist independently of our will? Are not some of our values ones we do not simply prefer, but believe that we ought to prefer? And when we do bestow value on things, do we not suppose that there is a right and wrong way to do so? If so, then our lives cannot be ones of limitless self-creation. They must rest somehow on respect for the claims that the world makes upon us. The debate between Nietzsche and Plato is far from over.

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TRB *continued from page 6*

ing Cultural Indicators" in March, Bennett was careful to note that government was no more than an "auxiliary" cause of any decline. (This was convenient, because sixteen of the twenty-two cultural indicators that have deteriorated—e.g., child abuse, juvenile violent crime—did so during the Reagan-Bush years.) The key institutions, Bennett argues, are "families, churches, schools, neighborhoods and civic associations." "Cultural problems demand cultural solutions." But Bennett will be running for president of the government, not president of the culture. Does he need the Oval Office just to give us a four-year lecture on values?

Because getting that office requires the support of the religious right, Bennett tries manfully—and, one suspects, disingenuously—to bridge the gap between his former, somewhat cosmopolitan neoconservative outlook and the fundamentalism of the activists he needs. He previously criticized Pat Robertson and rebuffed creationism. Now he talks of the "law of God" and insinuates that he believes in the devil. But he is still serving pretty weak tea, given what Weyrich's cadres are accustomed to. The prayer Bennett wants for the schools is voluntary. He says his attitude toward homosexuality is one of "tolerance" (though not "indifference"). Will right-wing lip-rippers really be galvanized by his condescending praise of the "simple faith of many," by his abstract call to "talk openly and candidly about the moral good"?

I admit, I don't understand the faith of so many conservatives in a "culture war" strategy in the first place. Their enemy has long since fled. Very few of the popular "values" invoked by Bennett cannot easily be coopted by a flexible centrist Democrat such as Bill Clinton. Clinton can talk about the need to honor religious values. He can talk about work. He can (and does) say that "government has never raised a child." Conservatives surely won't be able to run a whole presidential campaign on the gays-in-the-military issue.

The final irony, then, is that Bennett's Faustian bargain with the religious right was futile. He won't be president. But he was once a fresh figure on the scene, who said many necessary and attention-getting things about the liberal bias of government-funded culture, the inertia of the education bureaucracy ("the blob," he called it), the unwillingness of liberals to be "tough" on drugs and crime. The tragedy is that all the attention seems to have gotten to him. He has been on *Meet the Press* so many times that he is not only addicted to the publicity, he actually thinks that he's beloved in the heartland, that he's ready to be swept directly into the White House. It's a very Washington delusion.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Bould over

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK OF those tombstones that appear on the literary page of *The New York Times*. I suppose it's nice that publishers commemorate their fallen, and that they do so with tasteful reserve—just the name and the dates (John Cheever, 1912-1982) surrounded by white space, with the publisher's name placed below at a discreet distance. Still, I assume that behind each tombstone, somewhere in midtown Manhattan, lies a cool cost-benefit analysis. How much might a six-column-inch tombstone boost book sales? Versus a more expensive eight-column-inch tombstone? Presumably the deliberations aren't explicit, and they may not even be conscious. But my limited knowledge of the New York publishing world suggests that these ads reflect something more than a simple appreciation of artistry or integrity. (How many authors whose books are out of print get tombstones?) And using someone's death as a way to sell books is something I've always found repugnant.

UNTIL NOW. KENNETH BOULDing—eccentric economist, free-form social theorist, spiritual philosopher, active pacifist—died recently at the age of 83. As it happens, he was one of three stars of a book I wrote called *Three Scientists and Their Gods* (still available in paperback at selected bookstores). It seems to me that a tribute to Boulding is in order.

BOULDING, UNLIKE THE OTHER two figures in my book, believed in a conventional God. He was a Quaker. And, coincidentally, he somewhat resembled the Quaker on the box of Quaker Oats—flowing white locks, ruddy cheeks, blue eyes, perennial cheer, etc. Boulding's magnificent appearance, along with his eloquence, his insight and his deep spirituality, had convinced some Quakers that he was a prophet. And in some sense he was. He saw earlier than most the trajectory toward what is today called the information age. (In his 1953 book, *The Organizational Revolution*, he suggested that "the electronic calculator" might "have an impact on the structure of human organization beyond even its own calculation.") Boulding saw the world's thickening communications web in spiritual terms. He was a fan, though not an uncritical one, of the Jesuit theologian Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, who called the web a "noosphere" (the sphere of mind) and thought it would bind our species into a kind of superorganism and realize human destiny: universal love. Boulding's simultaneous prominence in the worlds of empiricism and belief was nearly unique. Presumably he was the only president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science who wrote books of religious poetry and talked openly about his divine revelations.

BOULDING GAVE ME one of my closer brushes with divine revelation. I was interviewing him one night at a Quaker boarding home where he was staying while on sabbatical in Manhattan. I was probing his philosophy of life when without warning he crossed the line between reflection and edification, and I found myself switched from interrogator to pupil. He looked at me with his deep-set eyes and said something I'll never forget. It was basically that, so long as you keep trying to live a good life, it's okay if you fail sometimes; the main thing is to make progress in the long run. I know, I know: not an original idea. That's my point. There was something so powerful about Boulding's presence that these almost banal words hit me as if heaven-sent. Since then I've done numerous reprehensible things, and after a few of them I've recalled that moment and derived a true sense of forgiveness, yet without marked dilution of the impulse of atonement—exactly the delicate and healthy balance that religions aim to foster. (My track record at exercising the atonement is another matter, and one Boulding shouldn't be held accountable for.)

BOULDING WAS A PERSON OF GREAT achievement in the conventional sense of the word—books written, offices held, honors won. These helped earn him a long (and excellent) obituary in *The New York Times*. But what most distinguishes him from your garden-variety deceased person is this less tangible thing, the benign force of his presence. To be sure, that force drew on conventional achievement. It rested on a huge body of work, solid evidence that he had thought about big questions in ways that commanded the attention of many smart people. Maybe you could even go so far as to say that this work accounted for 90 percent of his spiritual power. But how rare that last 10 percent is. Of all the people who are qualified on paper for moral leadership—books on ethical philosophy, great and humane activism, etc.—how many still seem inspiring once you get up close? How many would take even thirty seconds to give a young journalist unsolicited guidance? (And, these days, anyway, how many would risk the humiliation of saying something earnest?)

BOULDING ONCE SAID HE HAD devoted his academic life to two questions. First, what does it mean to say that things have gone from bad to better rather than from bad to worse? Second, how do we get to better? Of course, only a fool could feel confident that the answers, even if correct, would have good effect once set loose in human society. And Boulding was no fool. When I got him to talk about his legacy (it was like pulling teeth), he just said, "Well, I think if people look back at my work and it cheers them up, then I'll feel I've done well." It cheered me up—the very sight of someone who thought chronically about the human predicament and wasn't chronically depressed. (Also, I have to admit to getting a kick out of his ceaseless stream of half-corny limericks and one-liners. He illustrated the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, which says that measurement affects the thing measured, by reference to a heart patient who, asked how he's feeling, says "fine" and is killed by the effort.)

BOULDING'S LITERARY OUTPUT was vast and uneven. As he aged, the books grew more theoretically grand, more cosmic, more amorphous. (And his discourses had never been tidy and linear.) The publishers grew more obscure. Toward the end, *Human Betterment* and *Ecodynamics: A New Theory of Societal Evolution* were published by (aptly enough) Sage Publications. In the early years Boulding's main publisher was Harper and Brothers, later called Harper and Row and now Harper-Collins. In addition to *The Organizational Revolution*, Harper published *Conflict and Defense: A General Theory* (1962), *Disarmament and the Economy* (1963, co-edited by Boulding) and *The Meaning of the Twentieth Century* (1964). And Harper made tons of money off Boulding's college textbook, *Economic Analysis*, which went through four editions, from 1941 to 1966, before being eclipsed by Paul Samuelson's *Economics*. But many of these books are now out of print, and the others have been taken up by small presses. There was no tombstone for Boulding in *The New York Times*.

ROBERT WRIGHT

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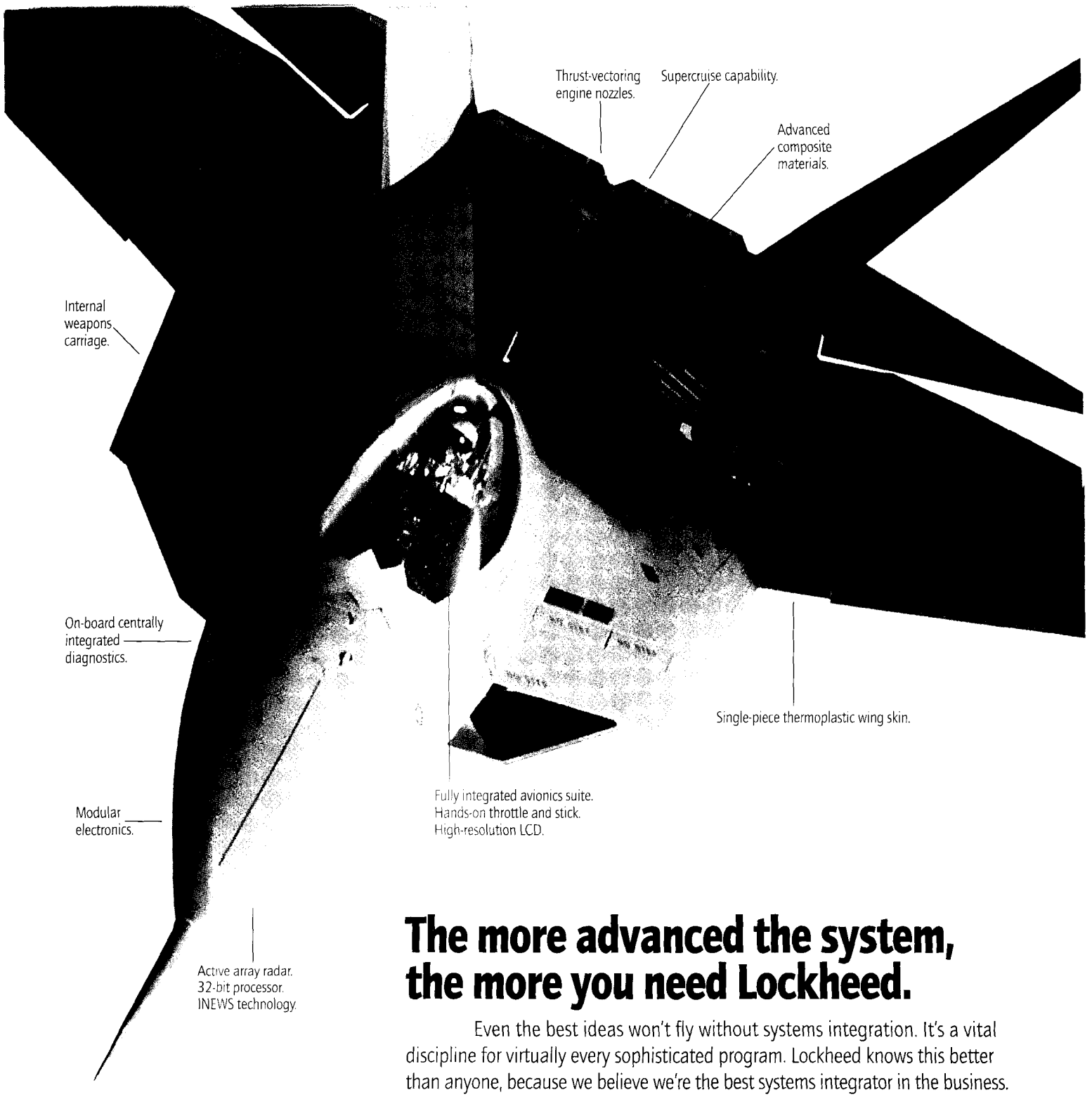

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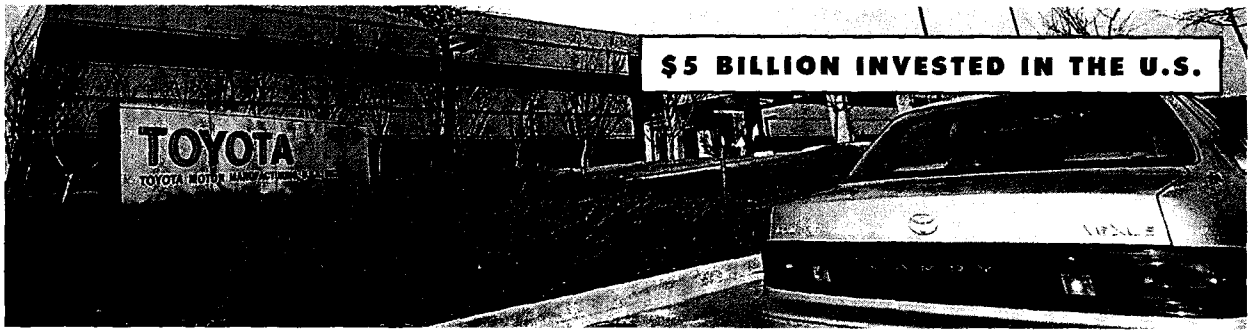

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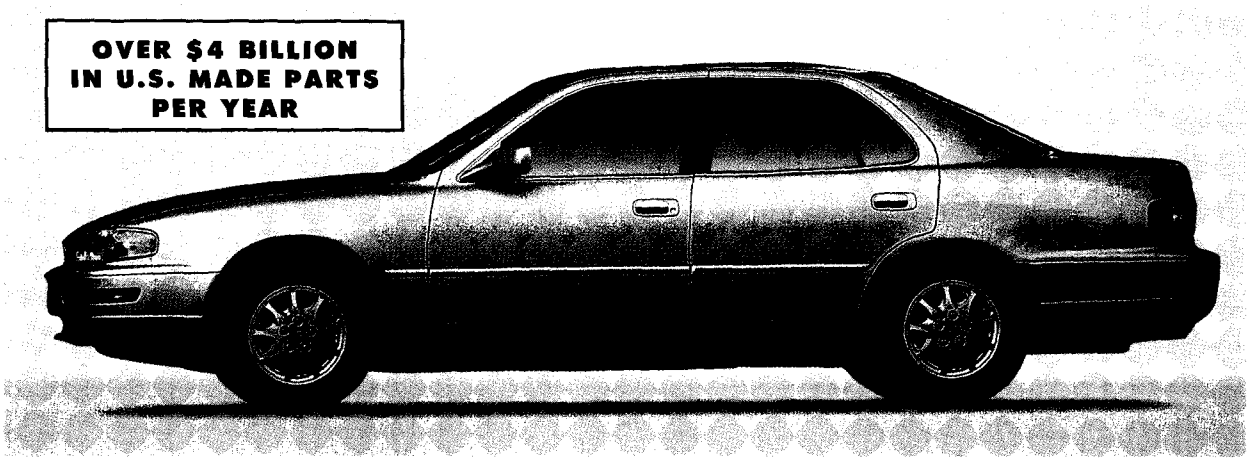

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